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**HISTORY**  
**OF THE**  
**KEVE FAMILY**

Also Short Histories of  
The Following Families

**THE COLES, THE FULLWOODS,  
THE LATOURETTES, THE  
FLOREYS, THE WHIP-  
PLES, THE LONGS**



Written by J. F. KEVE, Arlington, Iowa

Price \$1.25 Postpaid



J. F. KEVE AT 45



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## THE KEVE FAMILY POEM

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### WHAT WE WRITE

It matters not what men may say  
Of me when I am laid away;  
The things I write from day to day  
Will stand forever more.

What I have earned by tongue or pen,  
Will be accorded to me then;  
What I have sown in hearts of men,  
Will blossom o'er and o'er.

My epitaph I daily write  
In word and deed; men may recite  
A record black, a record white  
Iniquitous or grand.

But when the evening shall appear,  
When I am past all human fear,  
In script unclouded, bold and clear,  
The things I write shall stand.



# HISTORY OF THE KEVE FAMILY



## CHAPTER I.

### Introduction To Keve History



OR a family to have a history it is necessary to have a historian. So then I have taken it upon myself to be the historian of the KEEVE family. I have tried to gather the facts and data so that they may be handed down to posterity in a manner that will be authoritative. Through the providence of God, C. J. and Henry KEEVE have lived to a good ripe old age. It is needless to say that it is through them that I get all my early history and traditions. C. J. KEEVE remembers seeing John Latourette Cole many times,

thus bridging over a period of nearly 145 years in two lives. The KEEVES through Elizabeth O. Cole were descended from the French nobility. Hence with illustrious blood running through our veins, it will be a pride and honor to keep lustrous the history of our name and race. To this end I am setting out with the firm purpose and determination to formulate a scheme whereby our history will be carried on continuously in all future generations.

To attain this purpose I have devoted a lot of time and study. However, a historian has to deal with facts as he finds them. Nevertheless with the facts as they are, I have tried to write them dramatically and make them as lifelike as possible. A never-dying interest centers around the Bible and there is a reason for it, besides its being the word of God. Profiting from the examples of the Bible, I will endeavor to make our history a noble incentive, that will ever spur one of our blood, so that our name may be glorified with an added lustre. Moses was the master mind that brought order out of chaos. He penned the Story of Creation, and the "Beginnings" of mankind. To him was delegated the writing of the laws that made the Jews a peculiar people, that made them a Jew, a distinctive person wherever found. He transcribed for all time the exquisite love passages of Isaac and Jacob. Lives there a heart so dead! but what beats with tender emotion for Jacob and Rachel. In later generations came the Psalms of David that bound and knit together the nation in a series of verses that have never been equalled and certainly never surpassed.

With the glamour and splendor of our early traditions an incentive to noble ideals, mingling romance with our traditions, to which is added the "Rules of Life," that like Moses' law, should make every KEEVE a peculiar person in health and true nobility of character. Moses' law is what made the Jewish race superior to

every other people. Let our "Rules of Life" be the centre around which will cluster the untarnished escutcheon of the Keve race. I have deemed it advisable to admit into our history one letter that breathes tender sentiments, that enunciates highest ideals, that in a manner portrays those lofty emotions that make every human being the greater and better for having experienced. It is my prayer that none of our race may ever dishonor our name by less glorious thoughts, less exalted ideals of duty and destiny. Israel had its sublime poetry that fired them and all the ages with noble, high resolve. To this glorious end I have selected "What We Write" as the embodiment of the noblest sentiments in poetry that should always animate us in our daily life and conduct. May this ever be known as the Keve poem, and as each day speeds by into eternity may it be written right to stand aright on that great day

Boys! Remember that we want your name enrolled in our history untarnished. When you are satisfied that every act of of your life will be approved of by your mother, then, and only then, are you safe. So I trust that you will live up to the exalted ideals set forth in this little book. Keep yourself pure so that your name will go down unsullied through the ages, with honor and renown. "The bird with the broken pinion never soars so high again." Ever be honest, be true, be virtuous as was Joseph of old. Girls, you will be beset with trials on every hand. It behooves you to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." If at any time you are besieged with temptation to depart from the path of rectitude, by some D—— in human form, flee from temptation and do not permit yourself to remain in the sphere of evil influences. If at any time apparently overwhelming forces are battling for your downfall, and you waver in your duty of right, pause a moment and think how you would like your action chronicled in the archives of the Keves. If you depart from the path of rectitude in secret, yet in God's book you will not escape. Boys and girls pause before you permit a wrong action to control you. Be true to yourself and you will be true to the Keve name.

Spring of 1909.

J. F. KEVE.



## CHAPTER II.

### Traditions of the Keve Family

Before the Revolutionary war, three brothers of the name of Keve came over to the British colonies from the northern part of Ireland. They eventually settled in New Jersey. Two of the brothers remained unmarried, while the other married an English lady. Thus sprang the family of Keves in America, from this Irishman and his English wife. During the persecution of the Huguenots in France, a certain French nobleman by the name of Latourette, who was captain of a man-of-war vessel, ran his ship into port, resigned his commission and finally settled in New Jersey or Staten Island. He eventually married a Holland or Dutch lady.



The Coles were an English family that settled in America before the Revolutionary war. The Coles and Latourettes intermarried as evidenced by the middle name of John Latourette Cole.

Some of our ancestors through the Coles and Latourettes became related to several French families that were driven from France during the Huguenot persecution. Some of these exiles settled in the Island of Nevis, West Indies, and came to this country with Alexander Hamilton in 1772. These French families were the Fullwoods and Verduns, of which latter one returned to France and became a distinguished General of Division under the first Napoleon. I have read of him in Sloan's Life of Napoleon.

While still another descendant became governor of New York. His name was Broome, and Broome Street and Broome County were likely named in his honor. Later it will appear that he was Lieutenant Governor instead of Governor.

This is the tradition given to me by father and uncle Henry Keve, and which fired my imagination so that I determined to hunt up all the points in this charming story and put them in a permanent form. I could not find from my father and uncle any thing about who was John Latourette Cole's father and mother or even who was his wife. I have spent years in gathering the history I am about to write and some of it varies a little from what came to me in the traditional form. For instance, I find that the first Latourette married a noble French woman instead of a Holland lady. However, suffice it to say that if it had not been for the romantic and charming story of our early ancestors fraught with many thrilling incidents, I probably never would have attempted to write this history, which I trust will go down in our family through the ages and influence countless ones of our blood for a greater and better heritage.



### CHAPTER III.

#### **The La Tourettes**

The La Tourettes I have corresponded with have never heard of the tradition that the first La Tourette was a sea captain. After advertising and writing innumerable letters of inquiry, I finally located Fred La Tourette of Jersey City, New Jersey, who gave me the address of his cousin, Lyman E. La Tourette who was assistant City Attorney of Portland, Oregon, and who had been back to New Jersey and New York and looked up the family history. I glean from him and other sources as follows: Two La Tourette brothers fled from France during the terrible massacres that were prevalent when the Huguenots were hunted like wild animals. The ancestral estates were confiscated by the French government. In Martha Lamb's history of New York City will be found an interesting and romantic account of this Count La Tourette's flight to this country and of his many perils and hardships that he endured. The usual story of vast estates awaiting the heirs of the La Tourettes is prevalent, and many of

the early documents bearing on the family history have been gathered by lawyers for the purpose of securing this mythical estate.

From the records of the French church of New York, published in Volume I, pages 29, 33, 43, and 56, of the Huguenot Collection, the following is found: 1st, Jean (John) La Tourette "d' Osse de Bearn" and Marie Mercereau "de Mosse en St. Onge" Royalty de France were married July 16, 1693. 2nd, the children of the above Jean and Marie were, Marie, baptized December 6, 1693; Jean, baptized August 20, 1695 and Peter, baptized November 28, 1697. 3rd, the above Jean married Marie Mercereaux (probably a cousin) in about 1724, and had the following children: David, Marie, Anthony, and Henry, who was born January 24, 1725 and John. Anna La Tourette of Burgonne, New Jersey gave me this last date.

Fourth, the above Henry married Sarah—— about 1742 and had the following children: Susannah, born 1743, who married our Peter Cole; Henry, born 1745; John, born 1749; Ann, born 1751 and who married William De Groot; and Peter, born 1754. From the Documentary History of New York Volume I, page 155, it appears that John La Tourette was Justice of the Peace for Staten Island for the year 1738, and from Clute's History of Staten Island page 71, it appears that he was Justice of Common Pleas for the island in 1739. Jonn Broome, whose mother was Marie La Tourette, was Lieutenant Governor of New York from 1804 to 1810. A street and county were named in his honor. Henry La Tourette made a violin in 1740, the same still being handed down from father to son in the family as an heirloom.

When the writer was in New York in July, 1913, he called on Fred La Tourette, who has been civil engineer for Jersey City a great many years. As I was going from Hoboken to Jersey City, some one addressed me, on which I said, "I guess you are mistaken in your person," on which he said, "Excuse me, I took you for the civil engineer." I phoned to Fred that his cousin wanted to see him, and when he came in he wanted to know which La Tourette I was, for I looked like one. We have quite a marked resemblance and would readily be taken for first cousins. Both have a Roman nose and a florid complexion. He thought I was taken for him by the person who addressed me. La Tourette means "The Little Tower," or as others have it, "The Spinsters." There are many ways to spell La Tourette. Kate E. Mairs, who is a La Tourette, living at Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, gave me the information as to the meaning of the name.



## CHAPTER IV.

### The Coles

As we did not know anything about the Coles prior to John La Tourette Cole, or even where the Coles married into the Fullwood family, I concluded to go to New York and look up the records. I was quite successful in my quest and found the con-

necting links that were missing. I made my researches in the New York public library. As I entered I read on the right, "Beauty old yet ever new, eternal voice and inward word." On the left, "But above all things, Truth beareth away the victory."

On page 273 of the records of the Hackensack Dutch Reformed Church, I found this entry: John L. Cole and Theodocia Fullwood had baptized Elizabeth Oliver Cole on October 2nd, she having been born April 27, 1800. We had always thought that Elizabeth's middle name was Olive, but from this it would appear that she was named in honor of Betsy Oliver, who married Isaac Cole, Elizabeth's uncle. This then established the fact of our tradition that a Cole had married a Fullwood that had been born on the island of Nevis. While in New York City I visited the grave of Alexander Hamilton in Trinity church yard. The inscription on the monument reads:

#### IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON

The Patriot of incorruptible integrity.

The Soldier of approved valor.

The Statesman of consummate wisdom,

Whose Talents and Virtues will be admired.

Grateful posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust. Died July 24, 1804, age 47 years.

Read Mrs. Atherton's "The Conqueror," and you will find the above inscription. Hamilton had a matchless genius that has not been equalled on this continent. As Theodocia Fullwood was born in August and as Hamilton did not come over to this country till the last of October, 1772, according to our tradition Theodocia was born in Nevis and came over in the same ship with Hamilton. A mighty surge of feeling swelled in my breast as I thought that Hamilton had taken little Theodocia in his arms many a time and pressed her to his bosom, for he was a great lover of children. His mother had been a very brilliant woman, and a charming and engaging conversationalist. Nevis (pronounced Neevis) is a very bewitching island, there always being a halo of clouds above it. It shimmers in the dazzling tropical sun. In the court house at Hoboken, New Jersey, on page 34 of page 51, I found the will of Peter Cole. The children named were as follows: Peter Cole 2nd, (who had a son, Peter 3rd) Elizabeth, who married Van Boskirk; Isaac, who married Betsy Oliver, our John La Tourette Cole (left \$500 00) and Esther, who married Prendhomme. Peter Cole 1st married Susannah La Tourette, April 7, 1764, hence furnishing us the missing link connecting us with the celebrated French count.

#### The Cole Family

Peter Cole I was a tailor by trade. He lived at Bergen Point, Bergen township and county, New Jersey. He made his will in 1809, and his wife, Susannah, in 1811. They both passed away shortly after making their wills. Isaac Cole married Betsy Oliver, October 3, 1801. Abraham Cole (probably a brother of the



first Peter) married the 22nd day of December, 1768, Abigail Johnson. It is very probable that my father, Cyrus Johnson Keve, was named in honor of this Johnson family.

On page 362 of Land Titles of Hudson Co. N. J., I found the following: John Cole and Dosie Fullwood had Sophia Cole February 19, 1793; Susannah Cole September 8, 1795; Charlotte Cole September 1, 1803; Esther P., April 24, 1806. Sophia Cole married Abraham Van Dalson December 1, 1814 and moved from Lima, Ohio, to Barton, Ill., in about 1845. I could not find anything as to Peter Cole's ancestors. He was not a Revolutionary soldier.

As Sophia Cole was not married till December 1814, it is very probable the Coles did not migrate to Ohio till 1815.

John La Tourette Cole, son of Peter and Susannah Cole was born December 21, 1768. While a mere boy he served as messenger for General Washington during the winter he was encamped at Valley Forge. He moved from New Jersey in 1812 or 1813 to Warren county, Ohio. He was honored by being a deacon in the Presbyterian church. He was a weaver by trade. He voted the Whig ticket. Three years before his death he wrote to his daughter, Susan Seaman, "I do want to write abundance on Bible doctrine and Christian experience, and the evidences of a saving faith and the warfare, but time will not permit." On February 5, 1848 he was numbered with the dead. His wife, Theodocia Fullwood was born in the West India Islands, August 21, 1772, and passed to her reward on February 15, 1848. Both were buried at Lima, Ohio. Therefore, Theodocia was laid to rest far from the lovely island that gave her birth, and where the serges of the sea ceaselessly and caressingly beat on its coral strands.

John and Theodocia Cole's other girls married as follows: Susannah Cole married John Seaman; Esther P. married William Woodard; Charlotte married William Ramsay who was a preacher and travelled his circuit on horseback.

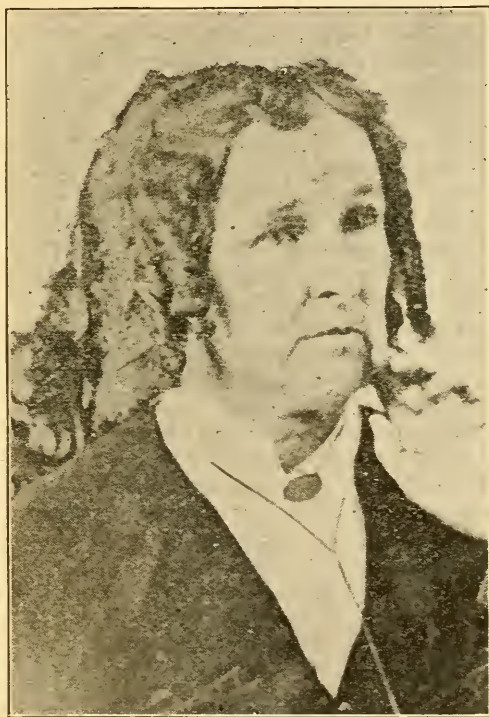
Elizabeth Oliver Cole was born near Hoboken, N. J., April 27, 1800. She moved with her parents to Warren county, Ohio in 1812 or 1813, where she was married to John Keve II. in about 1830. There were born to them John Joseph Keve, Cyrus Johnson Keve, Henry A. Keve and Manuel Keve.

Henry and Manuel Keve were in the 7th Illinois Infantry during the rebellion. Manuel was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, in the left forearm and left thigh and died thirteen days later of lockjaw while being cared for in the hospital at Mound City, Ill. He was a young man of high ideals and exalted character. Among the thousands that fell on that field of gory strife, none exceeded him in quiet courage and intelligent devotion to duty. His mortal remains await the summons to a resurrection of the just, in a cemetery at Bloomington, Ill.

Elizabeth Oliver Cole Keve, the heroine of this history, was noted in her youth for her great beauty, and in her more mature years for her queenly bearing and intensely religious character. Her very appearance proclaimed her to be one of superior birth, while her majestic and dignified presence reminded one of her



noble French ancestors. She was aristocratic in appearance, and kept her person very neat and tidy. She was evidently born to rule. Her noble figure joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy, attracted attention wherever the occasion was graced by her presence. She had an upper set of teeth on a gold plate that cost her \$50.00. She lived at Lima, Ohio, and after the death of her husband she returned to Warren county, Ohio, then went to Cincinnati for a while. She was a professional nurse, While still a young lady she joined the Presbyterian church. In 1856 she moved to Weyauwega, Wis., to be with her son, Cyrus. In about 1860 she moved to McLean, Ill., to be with her sons, John and Henry. On invitation of her son, Cyrus, she made her home with him in about 1865 at Paoli, Wis. She died of liver complaint, November, 14, 1868. Her body is buried in the Paoli cemetery, and a granite monument marks her resting place. Mrs. Keve had dark brown curly hair.



ELIZABETH OLIVER COLE KEVE

John and Theodocia Cole had three sons, John Fullwood Cole, Eliphelet and Dr. Peter Cole.

John Fullwood Cole I. married Nancy Ann Watson. He was a merchant, and one of the early pioneers of Allen county, Ohio, where he is remembered with respect amounting almost to rever-

ence by the elderly people of Lima, the county seat. Uncle "Jon'ie," as he was familiarly called, was in manner and appearance very much like a Frenchman, as both his mother and grandmother were French. He accumulated quite a fortune, and like Abraham of old, was brought down to his grave with honor in a good old age. He passed away June 21, 1882. He had four sons and two daughters. 1st, John Cole married Mary Ann Saint, and they had two boys, Crittenden and Fillmore. There were two girls, one Luticia, marrying Daniel Steinour of Munice, Ind., and Minnie, marrying a Mr. Bowyer, and living in Los Angeles, Cal. 2nd, Enos T. Cole, who married Julia Chivers whose father was an itinerant preacher, visiting his charges on horseback. He was in the Board of Trade regiment during the Rebellion and was very severely wounded during one of the engagements. He lived with his son at Mt. Carroll, Ill., and died there in April 1913, at 80 years of age. He had five children of which Clarence and Clifford were the names of two of them.

3rd Elphail Cole II., who died at Springfield, Ohio in April 1913 and was buried at Lima. His children were Henry Cole who died in November 1882. Kittie Cole who married a Mr. Miller, and Fred Cole who married Daisy Groves and they have two children, Willima and Harold.

John F. Cole had two daughters, Eliza Jane, who married Uriah Pringle and Sophia who married Ed Bashore.

Eliphalet Cole II, son of John and Theodocia Cole, was a graduate of Miami University, Ohio. The later years of his life were spent in Indiana, and he died at Bloomington, Ind., in about 1885. He was a noted educator, distinguished for his scholarship and Christian character. He did not have any children.

Dr Peter Cole was married twice and had six boys, all of whom entered the Rebellion, only one returning alive to comfort the grief stricken parents. They thus laid a very costly sacrifice on the altar of freedom. This son that was spared, fought in the battle of Gettysburg; during the first half day of fighting every officer above him was killed, and he assumed command for the remainder of the fight. After the battle Secretary of War Stanton sent him a Captain's commission.



## CHAPTER V.

### The Keves

John Keve I. was in all probability one of the three brothers that came over from the north of Ireland just previous to the Revolutionary war and settled in New Jersey. In conversation with his descendants in Jersey City and Newark in 1913, they declared their tradition was to that effect. In conversation with Scotchmen, they tell of having known several Keves in the old country, and that it is a Scotch name. Hence it is very probable that our ancestors were Scotch, having been transferred to Ireland by Cromwell after he subdued that country. Hence we can with great justice

call ourselves Scotch-Irish. As John Keve was a Presbyterian, it is still more plausible that he was Scotch-Irish.

John Keve I. married an English lady in New Jersey. They undoubtedly moved around considerable in New Jersey, as John Keve II. was born near Hoboken, while Catherine Keve was born in Somerset County. The tradition of towns, that have come down to us, that they frequently visited, are New Brunswick, Freehold, and Middletown.

In about 1815-6 they moved by wagon from Piscataway Township in Middlesex County, going overland to Pittsburg. The country was very primitive at that time. The roads were in wretched condition, many days they were not able to make more than four or five miles. There seemed to be no bottom to the roads. The corduroy roads were not in much better condition for travel. The inhabitants along the way were of the roughest frontier type. Even at the hotels there was not much privacy, as many of both sexes were put in one large room to rest. Arriving at last at Pittsburg, they embarked the family and effects on a flat boat and floated down the Ohio River to Cincinnati, in the vicinity of which they made their home for a few years. He then moved to the vicinity of Franklin, Warren Co., Ohio, settling in Franklin township between Franklin City and Carlisle.

He was taken sick and made his will October 6, 1831, and it was admitted to probate nine days later. In his will he mentions his wife, Ann Kave, and signs his name Kave too, while on the other hand he specifically mentions his son John Keve. The children are all mentioned, Daniel, John, Catherine, who married Jacob Long and Klarkson. You will note that he spells Clarkson's name with a "K."

Ann-Keve still had \$163.00 in the probate court as late as 1838. This year she moved to Darke County to be with her daughter Catherine Long. She died there the next year.



## CHAPTER VI.

### Daniel Keve and Descendents

DANIEL KEVE, son of John and Ann Keve was born March 15, 1790. The clerk of the court wrote me that Daniel Keve resided in Piscataway township, Middlesex county, N. J., as late as 1824. He must have resided in Plainfield, moving to Piscataway, and then returning to Plainfield after a short time. For it is a tradition in the family that all the children were born in one house at Plainfield. Daniel rode horse back to Ohio to visit his parents who had emigrated there a few years previous. He bought a very large flock of sheep, returning to New Jersey on foot with them. Daniel married Nancy Ladner, who was born March 13, 1794. Her father was an honored Revolutionary soldier. Their children were as follows: John Keve, born 1815, passing away in 1869, having never married; Robert L. Keve, born May 30, 1819, passing away May 30, 1895; David C. Keve, born October 1, 1821; Isaac Martin



Keve, born 1827, was married, but had no children, died in 1903. Daniel was numbered with the dead on July 9, 1854.

Robert L. Keve married Sarah A. Hoagland. Robert was born at Plainfield, New Jersey. When 72 years of age he visited his boyhood home, finding many familiar sights, of which one was his name carved on a tree. He was an intelligent, up-to-date man, reading a great deal. He was always a Democrat except when he voted for Lincoln at his second election. He was a very refined man, winning in manner. He gained many friends and retained them. His children were: Daniel H. Keve, born December 4, 1830; Joseph A. Keve, born September 3, 1841 who died in infancy; Catherine C. Keve, born July 15, 1844, having married Mr. Tuite. Silas W. Keve, born November 11, 1845; Albert M. Keve, born August 21, 1850; Uriah Keve, born September 15, 1852.

David C. and Zeruah Keve had the following children: Miles Whitford Keve, born June 1, 1844; David C. Keve Jr., born June 18, 1847; Charles B. Keve, born November 23, 1848; Rachael Ann Keve, born August 10, 1850; Sarah Malverna Keve, born March, 15, 1853; Edwin Putnam Keve, born September 24, 1856; Zuriah Ella Keve, born March 21, 1859. Martha Putnam Keve, born August 28, 1862.

David C. Keve Jr. and his wife, Margaret had the following children: Eletha Keve, born March 30, 1870; Julia Ann Keve, born July 4, 1871; Joseph W. Keve, born April 18, 1873; Alfred Martin Keve, born October 24, 1875. Edwin P. Keve, born November 25, 1877; Laura May Keve, born October 12, 1882; Jennie C. Keve, born May 25, 1884. Norman F. Keve was born of David's second wife, Emma Addia, on April 30, 1890. Mabel Emma Keve was born of his third wife, Alice Elinor, on November 30, 1901.

Uriah P. Keve and Emma P. had two children: Arthur James Keve was born February 8, 1880.

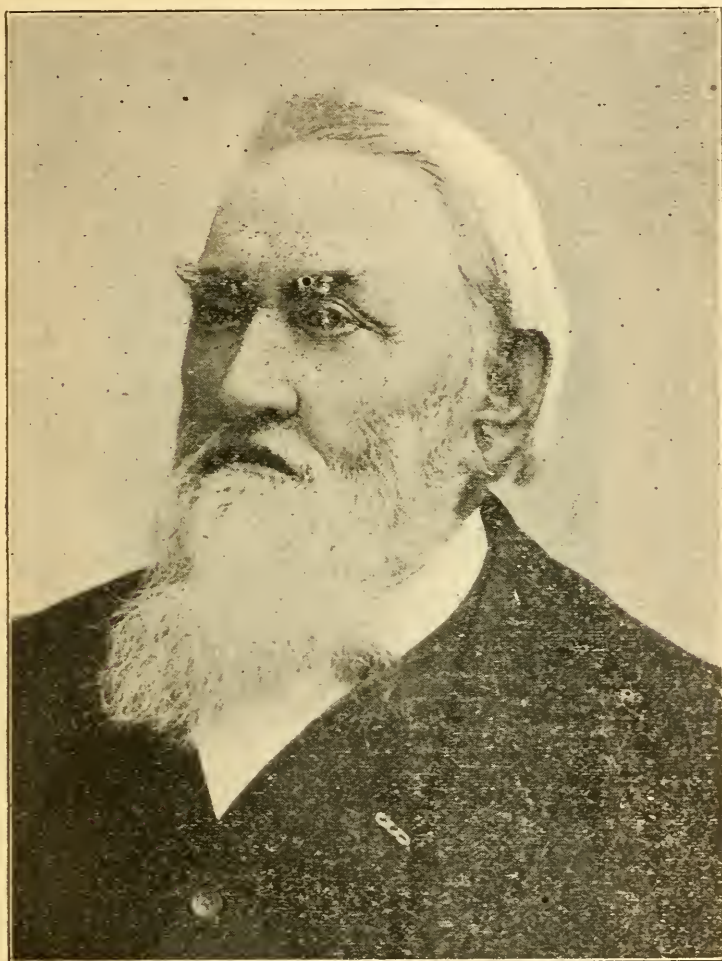
In my trip to New Jersey in July, 1913, I met a few descendants of Daniel Keve. I had the pleasure of visiting David C. Keve Jr. of Jersey City. He had a lot of old family Bibles that commenced with Daniel Keve, son of John and Ann Keve. He had the geneological habit the same as myself, having traced the descent of his grandmother, Nancy Lander, back to the Norman conquest in 1066. He was a genial, pleasant man to meet. At Newark I had the pleasure of meeting Catherine C. Keve who had married a Mr. Tuite. She is a lady of majestic proportions, that would attract attention in any company. She is well formed, which with a regal bearing makes her a charming person to meet. She has an expressive and winning face and impressed me as being a woman of business ability, having the rare faculty of engaging in conversation in an interesting and entertaining manner. Her home indicated a home of culture and discriminating taste.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### Clarkson Keve.

CLARKSON, son of John and Ann Keve, was born in New Jersey July 19, 1794. In his father's will he had the name spelled Klarkson.

It is probable that he was born at Clarksburg, Monmouth county and was named for that town. Very likely in those days the town was called Clarkson too. Any way it is known that the first Keve lived in at least four different counties of New Jersey, of which Monmouth is one. While still in New Jersey he was married to Mary Conklin. In about 1817 he emigrated to Hamilton county,



January 18, 1895      JACOB LONG KEVE      age 70 years

Ohio. While living in this county six children were born to them as follows: Willima C. Keve, Sylvester Keve, David Keve, Ann Eliza Keve, Phoebe Conklin Keve and Jane Keve.

Desiring to better his condition, he moved to Warren county, Ohio. During his sojourn in this county Jacob Long Keve was born

in 1825 He returned to Hamilton county and lived six years, after which he moved to Allen county. James C. Keve was then born to them

William C. Keve married and settled in Piqua, Ohio. They had two sons and one daughter. Sylvester was a bachelor. Daniel Keve was a tinsmith at Lima. He married but had no children. James C. Keve was a mason at Lima. He married, having two sons and one daughter

Jacob Long Keve was a tailor by trade and lived at Lima. He married Rachael Maxwell in 1847. Their children were Genio C. Keve, Walter Samuel Keve, Mary E. Keve who married McCafferty and Ann Sophia Keve who married Mr. James. Genio C. Keve married and had four children. Jacob L. Keve married the second time and had four more children. He was a prominent Odd Fellow.

W. Samuel Keve married Ida May Hutson in 1875. He lives at Lima, Ohio, and has been engaged in the hardware business for



WILLIAM E. KEVE

a great many years. Their children are Rosebel Keve, Minnie Keve and Grace E. Keve. They have one boy, William Edward Keve, who is married and lives at Waysakoueta, Ohio. He is a real estate man.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### History of the Long Family.

CATHERINE KEVE was born at Bound Brook, Somerset county, N. J., on October 7, 1801. She moved with her folks from Piscataway township, Middlesex county, N. J., in about 1815 or 1816, going to the state of Ohio, first settling near Cincinnati. After a few years spent there they journeyed further north, settling near Franklin, Warren county, Ohio. Here Catherine married Jacob Long, October 6, 1824. Jacob, son of John and Elizabeth Long, was born in Somerset county, New Jersey, in the year 1798. They moved to Darke county, Ohio, where Catherine died May 25, 1842, and her husband, Jacob Long passed away May 8, 1848. They had



JOEL T. LONG

the following children: Pierce B., John K., Daniel K., Joel T., George W., Ann Elizabeth, who married a Mr. Gumler, and Catherine K. who married a Mr. Shepherd.

Pierce B. Long emigrated to Iowa in 1853 and lived at Adel. He had ten children and only four of them are still living, Illima and Charlie living at De Soto, Iowa. Mattie Quie who lives at Minburn, Iowa, and E. N. Long living at Selah, Wash. John K.

Long who is deceased, had one daughter, now living at Ft. Wayne, Indiana, her name being Emma Young. Daniel K. Long had nine children as follows: Belle Long-Russ, living at Dayton, Ohio; Laura Long living at Arcanum, Ohio; Wm. Long living at Arcanum, Ohio; Cora Long-Clune living at Arcanum, Ohio; Wm. Long living at Arcanum, Ohio; Ann Long-Jundre and Catherine Long-Clark; Aaron B. Long, killed in 1836 in the massacre at Ft. Kearney; George W. Long, killed in the battle of Lewisburg, Virginia.

Joel T. Long was born April 25, 1840 at Ithica, Darke county, Ohio. Joel enlisted in Co. E 31st Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He fought under General Thomas and participated in the following battles: The first Bull Run, Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Shiloh, Fort Donaldson, Kenesaw Mountain, and made the famous march from Atlanta to the sea, being present at the fall of Savannah. Joel married Alma Herren and lived at De Soto, Iowa, having one son, G. H. Long.

I visited Joel and his family in December 1913. He is very much like my father in appearance. Their beliefs and ideas are very similar. They would readily be taken for brothers. From a close study of the Long family pictures, Joel is the only one that resembles the Keves.



## CHAPTER IX.

### John Keve II.

John Keve II. was born near Hoboken, N. J., the 6th day of December 1799. He moved to Warren county, thence to Allen county, Ohio in about 1815 or 1816. He was a studious and industrious young man. He attended the common schools of those days and attained what was considered a very good education for those times. He met Elizabeth Oliver Cole, and in due course of time they were married, in about the year 1830. He followed agriculture for a livelihood. He and his wife were members of the Presbyterian church. He identified himself with the Whig party. He died of bilious fever September 14, 1841 and was buried at Lima, Ohio. The children are enumerated under head of Elizabeth Oliver Cole.



## CHAPTER X.

### John Joseph Keve

JOHN JOSEPH KEVE, son of John and Elizabeth O. Keve, was born in Franklin, Warren county, Ohio, December 2, 1830. He was the oldest of four boys, and his father died when he was about ten years old. At about the age of twelve he was bound to a blacksmith to learn the trade. On April 16th, 1854 he was married to Mary B. De Pue, who died the next year after the birth of a



son who died in infancy. John Keve then married Sarah Amelia Gal'oway, October 27, 1856, at or near Lima, Ohio. Soon after their marriage they went to live among the Indians in Wisconsin. He had some kind of a government appointment among them. These Indians were the Sacs and Foxes. There the two older children were born, Edward Everett Keve, born July 10, 1858, and Elizabeth Olivet Keve, October 27, 1859. The family had great hardships while in Wisconsin, on account of the enmity of the Indians and some time about 1860 they moved to a farm near Bloomington, Illinois in McLean county. Here Lincoln and Mari-



JOHN JOSEPH KEVE

etta were born and died in infancy. John Manuel Keve was born March 20, 1864; Florence Amelia, born August 2, 1866; Grace Cordelia, born May 27, 1867; Lucia Moino, October 28, 1869.

During the years spent in Illinois John Keve became rather prosperous as a farmer, but on account of delicate lungs, he sold his property and in the spring of 1871 moved out to Butler county, Kansas. He bought a farm about twelve miles from Eldorado, on or near the spot where the town of Rosalia now stands, the creek, which ran through his farm was called Keve creek for many years, and may be to this day for all I know. Here his last child, Alma

Edith was born September 18, 1861. The next year the grasshoppers came and destroyed everything, and a cyclone did great damage to the house he had built. His health also became very poor and he died of consumption, September 27, 1873, at the age of 42 years. He is buried at Peabody, Kansas and his wife was afterward buried beside him. A granite monument marks the graves. Mrs. Keve married B. F. Brockett in 1875 and their child, Lola May Brockett, was born October 30, 1876. Sarah Brockett died November 14, 1887. Of the children of John J. Keve, Edward died about 1876. He had gone west for a cowboy life and was lost, no trace of him being found since. Elizabeth Olivet Keve married Leander Miller in Butler Co., April 2nd 1874. They had six sons; Clarence B. born September 23rd 1875; John Keve, born 1887; Arthur, born 1879; Willima R., born 1881; Benjamin B., born June 7th 1891; and Joseph, born 1895. John Manuel Keve never married. He lives on a farm near Rex, Oklahoma. Florence Amelia Keve married Joseph Wilson, November 19, 1884. She had three sons and one daughter who died in infancy, Edward Keve Wilson, born January 29, 1886; Frank Wilson, born 1895; and Cecil Stanley Wilson, born 1895. They live in Kansas City, Kan. Grace Cordelia Keve has never married. She lives in Los Angeles, Cal. She bears a very remarkable resemblance to her grandmother Elizabeth O. Keve, both in appearance and character. Lucia Keve, who has written this sketch of her father and his family, was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1895, taught English in the high school at Akron, Ohio, from 1895 to 1898, there met her husband William Lawrence Tower of Westdale, Mass. They were married in Brighton, Mass., August 21st 1898. Their children are Lucia Elizabeth, born November 8, 1899, at Cambridge, Mass.; Sarah Sheldon, born June 8, 1901, at Yellow Springs, Ohio; Lawrence Keve born January 11, 1904, in Chicago; and John LaTourette Tower born March 7, 1910.

Alma Edith Keve married Frank Fisher Wilson in 1896. They had two children, Mary Virginia, born February 2, 1897, and Bertha, born 1898, who died in infancy. Alma died in October, 1899.

John J. Keve was rather tall, gaunt man, with an unusually fine looking face and beautiful gold-brown curly hair. He had a very gentle manner and was affectionate toward his children. His mind was unusually good, and being of a literary turn. He was especially fond of poetry. He was also given to dry humor, and the telling of quaint stories in an original and expressive language.

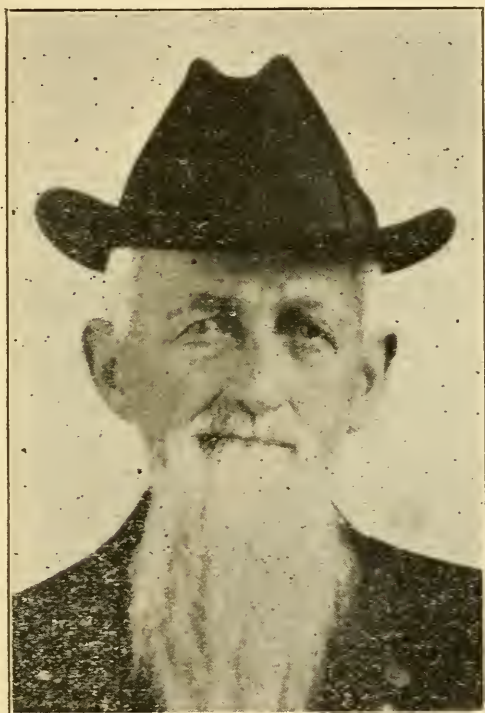


## CHAPTER XI.

### Henry A. Keve

HENRY A. KEVE was born in Allen county, Ohio, June 20, 1837, to which region his parents moved from Warren county, that

state, about four years before. His father died when Henry was three years old, his mother being left an invalid with four sons, of whom the eldest was but ten years of age. The family returned to their old home in Warren county and Henry, at the age of seven, was bound out to a family by the name of Smock with whom he had his home for ten years. In 1854 he went to Lima, Allen county, and apprenticed to the blacksmith business with his brother, John, the firm being called Keve & Wikoff. The firm dissolving released him, and in 1857 he went to northern Wisconsin and in that then unsettled region with other hardy pioneers, helped to blaze the way to the present opulent condition of that region



HENRY A. KEVE

The hard times incident to an undeveloped country, conjointly with the nation-wide panic of 1857-59, led him to seek better opportunities elsewhere. Besides it was more agreeable to his restless and enterprising spirit, so he emigrated to Illinois. He was in that state when Lincoln issued his call for 300,000 men to suppress the rebellion. At the call of duty his response was prompt and hearty and he was enrolled as a member of Company E of the 7th Illinois Infantry for three years. He served 37 months and was mustered out at Rome, Georgia, October 13, 1864, as a sergeant, with a record of more than a score of battles, and



the commendation of his superior officers, of which he is modestly proud. In a little book of his army experiences, written for his children, the following occurs: "People of this generation have but a slight conception of how the passions were stirred at that period, and the deep current of feeling everywhere manifested, as



REV. OLIVER M. KEVE

if brooding over impending doom. I saw laborers in the field forget their toil, as they talked of occurring events and speculated as to their meaning. Strong men and women of mature years impressed with the gravity of the situation, shed tears as they expressed sorrow and surprise at the prospect of civil war. I saw a man, venerable in years and appearance, with heart on fire and with words as eloquent as his subject was inspiring, plead all day

with groups of men on the streets to forget party ties and to sink all past differences in a united effort to preserve the union and government that never had oppressed them, and whose blessings unobserved and quiet as the falling dew, had been a perpetual benediction to them."

When he returned to Illinois he engaged in farming. He was married February 1, 1866, to Miss Amanda Pershaw, daughter of Rev. John M. Pershaw, a Methodist minister.

There have been born to them six children, of whom three still survive: Rev. Wiley A. Keve, pastor of the M. E. church at Hiawatha, Kansas; Rev. Oliver M. Keve, pastor of the M. E. church at Falls City, Nebraska; Mrs. Lena Sprung, of Abilene. The oldest daughter, Mary, married Oliver Smith of Solomon City, Kansas, died at St. Joseph, Mo., in 1910. The two children, Charles and Willard, died in early childhood. In 1871 he moved to Harvey county, Kansas and engaged in farming and freighting. He is now, at the age of 76, enjoying his comfortable home at Abilene, Kansas.

Henry Keve wrote the foregoing himself shortly before he passed away. He died of paralysis, August 9, 1913. He was a deeply religious man, living his religion every day. I visited him on two occasions, in two different states. For a great many years he taught the Bible class in the Methodist Sunday school. In conversation with him one time, he remarked: "If I have a dollar in my pocket, and owe you a dollar, then that dollar is not mine, but yours. If I have a dollar in my pocket, and don't owe anyone, then that dollar belongs to the Lord. He helped me very much in the getting up of this history, as his memory was well stored with the events connected with the various branches of our family.



## CHAPTER XII.

### Cyrus J. Keve.

CYRUS J. KEVE was born in a log cabin between Franklin and Carlisle, Ohio. He was reared by a family of the name of Craige. Later he moved to Lima, Ohio, having learned the blacksmith trade at Franklin. In 1855 he left Lima and journeyed to Wabash, Indiana, to work at his trade. The next year found him at Weyauwega, Wis. This was presidential year, but he was not permitted to vote as he had not been long enough in the state. He was a Freemont republican. At this time received a government appointment, as one of three to appraise government land. This was all virgin forest at that time and abounded in wild game. While stationed at Weyauwega he shot two bear and one deer. In 1859 he moved to Verona, Wisconsin. When about eighty miles north of Verona, he dreamed of his future wife and that they would have three children. The first Sunday at Verona he went to church and shortly after he noticed the young lady come in that he saw in his dream. He told his companion, "There is my wife,



October 19, 1792; Elizabeth, Peter, Susannah, Anna, Margaret, Jacob, George, Lydia, Hannah, Catherine, Daniel, Nancy and Johannes. John, who was born in 1792, died January 28, 1861. His children were as follows: John, father of Sabine Ann Keve, born October 13, 1816 and passed away February 12, 1872. Jacob, William, Reuben, Jesse, Matilda, Mary (or Polly) and Sally.

A great many of the Floreys settled in or about Bangor. George and Jacob went to Lendhannock, Pa., or a few miles above and built a saw mill and the little town was known as Florey town. Later it was called Keiserville after Michael Keiser who married Catherine Florey. Jacob Florey and his family moved to Beloit, Wis., where his son, Sylvester, is now living.

Jahannes Florey was a very fine cabinet maker, and Mrs. Beck of Bangor, one of his descendents, has in her possession a grandfather clock built by him, also a high tenoy that would do credit to the finest workman of the present day. He was a soldier of the Revolutionary war.

John Florey, who was born in 1816, married Margaret Groover and had nine children. The oldest, Sabine Ann, was born in Pennsylvania, March 3, 1844. Christeen, who married Henry Donkle; Mary Jane, who married Jacob Kirscher; Celia, who married Fred Pomeroy; Maggie, who married Charles Kutzler; Michael, Daniel, Jeremiah and Sally. The last three remaining unmarried, Margaret having been taken sick with a bad cold, died at the age of thirty-three. John Florey then married for his second wife, Polly Miller, and they had two children, Aggie and Emma.

Old settlers told that John Florey was a very beautiful child, with round, rosy cheeks. That when he was christened in the Lutheran church the whole congregation involuntarily rose to their feet and tried to get a glimpse of the angel baby. He had beautiful curly hair that made him look like a cherub.

Where I was born at Paoli, Wis., there were several families of French by the name of Fleury, and they pronounced it same as we do too, Florey. We at the time did not know that the Floreys were descended from the French. I remember that we often talked of the similarity of the French name, Fleury and the Dutch name, Florey. We somehow thought that they must be of the same origin, but we had no basis on which to work to prove anything. But now that we know that our ancestors fled from France in 1572, after the St. Bartholemew massacre, it then resolves itself into the probability that the Floreys were a divided family. some being Huguenot, while others remained in the Catholic church.

Hence, then, as we know our ancestors were Huguenot and fled to Holland, it is quite probable there were those that remained that still clung to the Catholic church. So then it is very likely that the Fleurys of Paoli, Wis., are distant cousins that emigrated to this country in this late day.

One of the Fleurys became a Cardinal, and was chief minister under Louis the 15th, exercising almost autocratic power. He was not brilliant but was wise, giving France an era of prosperity that was very gratifying to the down-trodden and oppressed people.



As some of the Florey girls may at some time want to join the Daughters of the American Revolution, so, then, I have procured the following document from Rev. Alexander Decker, showing that my mother Sabine Ann Florey's grand-father, John Florey, was a Revolutionary soldier:

“Pennsylvania State Library, Division of Public Records Harrisburg, Pa., U. S. A. John Florey was a private in Captain John Wagner's company of Northampton county militia, 1781 battalion not stated, but commander, Stephen Balliat. See p.32 Volume Eight, Pennsylvania Archives, Fifth Series.

(Signed) “Luther R. Kelker, Custodian of the Public Records.”

Sabine Ann Florey-Keve was born near Flicksville, Pa., the 3rd of March, 1844. When a small girl her folks moved to Verona, Wis. Here her mother, Margaret-Groover Florey, died in the year 1857 at the age of 33 years. She took a bad cold which resulted in her early death. This left Sabine to keep house for father and her eight younger brothers and sisters. Her father, John Florey, died the 12th of February, 1872 at the age of 56. After her marriage she united with the Methodist church. Sabine has light hair and fair complexion. She is of a lovable disposition and is the friend of everybody. She has brought up her three children so they are a credit to the Keve name. There were born to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Keve, at Paoli, three children. John Fremont Keve was born July 25th, 1863; Albert Elmer Keve was born April 20th, 1868. Virginia Olive was born January 6th, 1873.



#### CHAPTER XIV.

### John Fremont Keve

The first events that I, JOHN FREMONT KEVE, can recollect are as follows: I was called up one night to witness a torch light procession during the first Grant presidential campaign. This is very vividly impressed on my mind, the glimmer of the torches in the dark of the night. The next month, in November, Grandmother Keve died, which event I well recall. A few years later I was crossing the mill race with father. There were hewn timbers to walk on and they were about four feet apart. I lost my balance and made a spring for the next one, missed it, but luckily caught on to it with my hands. My feet touched the water. My screams soon brought my father to my assistance. If I had gone into the water the wheel would have drawn me under and this history would have remained unwritten. It is with great awe I recall the impression made on my mind on account of the terrible smoke caused by the Chicago fire. I thought the last day of the world was coming. The campaign of Greeley in 1872 is very fresh in my mind on account of the preposterous cartoons gotten out against Greeley. The Centennial year is a red letter year in my life as Florence Matts took me to a New Year leap year party. This being my first girl, it goes without saying that my feet never



touched the ground. This same year witnessed the blood curdling Custer massacre in which every person, save one, was killed. This person had long, curly hair and was of commanding presence. An old soldier told me the first news of this direful event and it greatly impressed me. In 1878 there was a tornado just south of Paoli which destroyed a lot of property. This was on a Friday and on Sunday I followed up on horseback for eight miles in the trail of the storm. It is simply unbelievable the terribly destructive force of the wind and the queer capers it would cut up. When one views the wreck and ruin wrought he realizes how puny man is when brought face to face with the unseen forces of nature. I heard President Hayes speak at the State fair at Madison. When he got through the people thronged to shake hands with him. I did not join the crowd to shake his hand.

I attended the graded school at Paoli and was a fairly good student. Many times father talked to me of truthfulness, perseverance and honesty. He told me that possessing the above qualities, that monied men would have their eyes on me and would furnish me money to do business.

In passing, I desire to render due meed of praise to the transcendent genius of Elmer Dixon Matts, my earliest playmate. He was born on October 1st following my birth. He was born just across the street from where I was born. We were inseparable companions for many years. He was my superior in intellectual attainments. I was soon outstripped by him in the race for an education. After finishing in our graded school, he attended the high school at Madison, graduating therefrom, and also going through the University of Wisconsin with high honors. After getting his parchment as an attorney-at-law, he set up business at St. Paul, moving thence to Missouli, Montana, where he was elected to the state Senate. Was private attorney for Marcus Daly the great Copper King, at \$4,000.00 a year. Accompanied Bryan on his first campaign for the presidency. They both spoke at the gymnasium at Madison, Wis. Bryan spoke first and then went to the Capitol park to speak. Elmer then spoke at the gymnasium and many that heard him said that he was far superior to Bryan. He spoke so easily and volubly, the perfect rhythm and music of his voice charming all. He moved to Chicago and died there January 17th, 1902. He is buried at Paoli. Bryan wired his condolence to the stricken parents.

We moved to our farm one mile south of Paoli, in 1881. In the spring of 1882 I commenced to work for John Matts at Verona to learn the lumber business. During the following winter I taught the John Lyle school south of Paoli. The spring of 1883 I hired to John Matts for a year and a half. In November 1884 I went to Chicago to see the sights. The first night I was there I was desperately homesick and wished myself at home. Several sharpers got after me but I got clear of them all without any mishap. I visited several art galleries and made a short trip on the lake. The cable cars were a great mystery to me as I could not see what propelled them. Of course every one knows now

that there was an endless chain under the track that the car grappled to when wishing to advance. It was my privilege to visit the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg which was a truly great painting, painted in great and majestic proportions on the walls of a big circular building. But there I saw something greater than the painting, and that was the most kingly and queenly persons I have ever seen. They were about six feet tall and well proportioned, having round and regular features, both being dark complected. Every move and all their deportment was so graceful. Not since then have I seen people that were so royal in appearance. But I know not what station in life they occupied. From Chicago I ran down to McLean, Ill., to visit my uncle Henry Keve, whom I had not seen since I was five years old. We had a splendid visit in which much of the Keve lore was gone over. It was a visit long to be remembered. I corresponded with cousin Mary for several years after.

The next winter I attended the business college in Madison. I saw the Science Hall of the University burn up. It was a grand, awe inspiring sight. It was the largest fire I have ever seen. I heard John B. Gough lecture, in which he used the words: "Young man keep your record clear." Gough died the the next winter during the delivery of this lecture and just after uttering the above words. A year later I heard to-be-President McKinley speak at Madison. He was a very earnest man in speaking which joined to his great honesty, brought many to his way of thinking. While speaking he kept his right hand in his trousers pocket. It was my good fortune to hear the Rev. Dr. Deems of Baltimore, lecture on "Triffles." He said that there were only three supreme moments in a man's life. That was when he was born, when he kissed her the first time, and the moment he died. Furthermore, he stated that there were only three great men in the United States, that is the president, yourself and myself

In the spring of 1835 I hired to John Matts again. In July of this year I visited my folks in Dakota. This was a joyful visit for we had not seen each other for over two years. Virginia was alone in the house and I asked to stay all night being a stranger in those parts. She went to the barn and told father there was a stranger in the house that wanted to stay all night and he looks just like John. Of course with this broad hint the rest knew me on sight.

The winter of 1855-6 I taught the Carpenter school near Verona, boarding with Mrs. Taylor. The most beautiful woman I have ever seen attended my school. She was an Irish girl and her name was Maggie Staack. Her face was fair and round and her features were regular. Her cheeks were of a beautiful peach bloom. Her particular charm was in conversation as her face was a perfect mirror of expression, that was most bewitching. She was ever fresh and gay and gracious. I have known men to stop her in the road just to talk to her, just to watch the charm and witchery of her face. She kept company with an athiest of Protestant connection. She wanted to be married by the priest, so one Sun-

day he took her out riding, and when they were in front of the Methodist parsonage he said to her, "Now if you want me, we will go in and get married and if not we are done." She yielded then and there. This was a very happy winter for me as I kept company with one of my scholars, while at my boarding place there were two perfect young ladies. This was probably the most pleasant winter of my life while single. I worked again for John Matts the next season and boardg at Coly Longstreet's. The winter of 1886-7 I taught the John Morse school north of Verona, boarding at Morse's during the week and at Reuben Nye's on Saturday and Sunday. On closing my school I worked for Reuben Meyers one month on the farm. When I got my pay for the month's work I remarked, "I will have to be poorer than I am now when I work on a farm again." I then took a trip to Winona, La Crosse, Dubnque and Clinton looking for a job to run a lumber yard. From Clinton I went to Chicago and a firm there partly promised me work in Nebraska. While in Clinton and Chicago I heard the great temperance apostle, Francis Murphy, lecture on his favorite theme. He had a peculiar charm that appealed to those who were slaves of the rum habit. He had those on the platform that had broken the fetters of drink through his instrumentality. I returned to Verona and in a week got word to go to western Nebraska to run a yard. So in the month of June 1887 I landed in Curtis, Neb. Studied double entry book-keeping for three weeks there. I then went to Laird to run the yard in the absence of the manager. After this I started for Lisbon, the yard I was to run. I had to stop off at Grant and as the hotel was full, I was obliged to sleep on the bare floor of the lumber office. I was stiff all over in the morning. Lisbon was an extreme frontier town amidst the sod shanties. I was employed by the Howard Lumber Co. and as everything was new there I had to build new sheds and office. One Sunday I drove to Venango, the first station west which was on the Colorado border, so we walked over into that state, but did not see any build ngs there. There was no preaching service at Lisbon, but there was a missionary came there one Sunday and preached, which together with the singing was a great treat, making one appreciate what a blessing gospel privileges are. I ran the yard at Lisbon until the latter part of November when I returned to Wisconsin to enter the employ of Brittingham & Hixon. I commenced the yard at Belleville the first day of Decemoer 1887 and had to start everything new as I did at Lisbon, for the railway had just been put through there. I boarded at Tina Bowker's, an old schoolmate of Paoli. She was like a mother to me, and together with her daughter, Ollie, my foster sister, did all in their power to advance my interests. In the summer of 1888 I met Miss Zilpha Parks who afterward became my wife. It was on this wise: As the train went by the office I recognized an old friend, so I ran over and boarded the train, and saw the future Mrs Keve, recognizing her by her picture. However, I did not speak to her. She went down to her old home (where I boarded) and Mrs. Bowker asked her if she saw John (had been writing about me)



and she answered no, but had seen a red headed, red faced, red mustached fellow run out from the lumber office and board the train. The next year, 1889, Zilpha Parks came up from Illinois to visit Mrs. Bowker and was accompanied by Miss Mary Niles, who eventually became my second wife. I again visited my folks in Dakota in November, 1902. We at this time had our pictures taken in a family group. Albert and I had bought a farm together for speculation. We drove over to see it and Albert, with great pride, exhibited the different features which made it a valuable acquisition. My chest swelled with pride to think that I was part owner in such a splendid property. Albert finally bought my share and gave me about \$1,000.00 for my bargain. This was the foundation of my nest egg to enter business.

I attended the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Albert was there to meet me. I was on the fair grounds six days. I took Albert around to see the sights that I was acquainted with. He had never been in an elevator so I took him in one of the tall buildings, and as the elevator started down with a lurch, Albert thought that the bottom of creation had dropped out, and his hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out. I was on the fair grounds on July 4th and it is needless to say that it was simply immense, the great concourse of people. The fire works were on a marvelous scale, impressing one with the grandeur and majesty of the pyrotechnic display.

During the summer of 1895 N. P. Petterson held meetings in a tent on the banks of Sugar River. I made a profession of religion and joined the Methodist church, was baptized by immersion, together with the future Mrs. Keve who had been baptized by sprinkling, before. Shortly after this, one Sunday, the minister, Mrs. Bowker, Zilpha and myself took a walk to the cemetery. We sat down and had a long talk. It was at this time that I determined to win Zilpha's love. The next January Zilpha went to Freeport to visit Mary Niles. I went down a few days later to return with Zilpha. While there I got to scuffling with her and told her I was going to kiss her. She replied, "You will never kiss me in this world." I did not succeed at that time. Zilpha persuaded me to remain over one day longer than I had counted on. This greatly pleased her, for the Keves were noted for not changing their mind. On returning home we were nearly alone in the car. I complained that my hands were cold. She took my two hands in hers to warm them. I wanted to tell her to keep my two hands and me, too, but I could not muster courage to do so.

The following month I made a trip to Constantine, Mich., to look at a lumber yard that was for sale. I did not deem it advisable to buy it, but met with a pleasing and somewhat remarkable coincidence. The manager there had run the Lisbon yard after I left there. He invited me to the hospitality of his home. He had a charming wife, and we had a most delightful time talking over Lisbon affairs.

This year I boarded at Howard Willowby's. I had a splendid room and life was very agreeable to me. They were royal enter-

tainers. Albert came from Dakota to learn the lumber business with me, and we occupied the same room. We enjoyed this immensely as we had been separated, for so many years.

One Sunday evening I went over to Mrs. Bowker's and took her to church, Zilpha remaining at home. On our return from church Mrs. Bowker soon retired. Zilpha was sitting in the rocking chair,

I went over and sat on the arm of the chair, and it was not long until I propounded the momentous question. It took several weeks to bring a definite answer. However, in a few weeks we came to a mutual understanding, and I got a diamond ring for her. It was in April that I presented the ring in these words: "Sweet Heart, let us pledge our troth with a kiss. Thou art mine and I am thine, now, henceforth and forever. And now with this engagement ring, with the letters, Z. P. K., engraved thereon, I will encircle thy finger and give thee a kiss, so in like manner may my life encircle thine, and thine mine, making our love perfect one to the other, and perfect in Christ's love. And now I will give you the sweetest and most memorable kiss of your life, to be remembered now, in time and in eternity; I greet thee as Mrs. Zilpha Parks-Keve."

In May 1896 I moved to Carthage, Ill., and entered into partnership with Brittingham & Hixon. We incorporated as Carthage Lumber Co. I put in my all, \$3,000.00. Albert was my helper, but did not have any interest in the yard. After Zilpha had accepted me fully, I wrote her a remarkable letter in the form of a little booklet. This letter I am making a part of this history, so that my posterity may peruse it, and be inspired by it.

Carthage is an historic city, as it has gained considerable notoriety in the early days when the Mormons were a predominant force at Nauvoo, seventeen miles away on the Mississippi river. Their prophet, Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon religion, was arrested and incarcerated in the old Carthage jail. A mob thronged the jail and shot Smith. I have passed the jail many a time and saw where Smith was murdered. While I was there it was used as a private residence. Since then the Mormons have purchased it and turned it into a Mormon museum. Emigrants from all over the world who have been converted to Mormonism stop at Carthage to visit the old jail, while on their way to Utah.

In January 1897 I journeyed towards Wisconsin, to get my affianced wife. Spent one day at Freeport in company of Mary Niles. In the evening Mary and I boarded the train for Belleville. For some reason or other my trunk containing my Prince Albert suit, failed to arrive on time, so I proposed to Zilpha that we get married on time even if I had to wear my old clothes. Hence we were married on Sunday morning, January 17, 1897, in the presence of the M. E. Sunday School and other invited guests. Rev. Nicholas performed the ceremony. We went to Verona, Sullivan and Johnson's Creek to visit friends. While going through Freeport, Ill., we visited Mary Niles for a couple of days. On our way to Carthage we stopped off at Plymouth, Ill., to visit my cousin, Clarence M. Donkle. Clarence had learned the lumber business

with me while at Belleville and I had been instrumental in his buying the Plymouth yard in 1896. We were right royally entertained as a honeymoon couple. Vincent Parks Keve was born at Carthage, Ill., September 15, 1898. Just prior to Vincent's birth, my health being poor, I went for three weeks to the Indiana Medical Springs near Attica, Indiana. This was during the hottest part of the campaign in Cuba in the Spanish-American war. Roosevelt made his celebrated charge up San Juan Hill at this time. My eyes were hurting so I could not read. So you may imagine how I missed the stirring events of those historical days. Albert who was running a yard at Newport, Indiana, came up and spent a couple of days, over Sunday. We had a splendid visit, as we were now beginning to realize the dreams of years, both now being in yards, and reaping fruition of our labors.

While going through Springfield, I visited Lincoln's tomb. His body rests in a marble sarcophagus. One can look through the iron bars and see the casket. While viewing the receptacle that contains the remains of this greatest of Americans, an overpowering sense of his greatness and goodness came over me, and under this spell I was thrilled as never before. I think that Lincoln's heart was the most Christ-like in love and sympathy that history gives any record of. At this time Mary Niles made us a visit and was still at our house on my return from the medical springs. Years after she told me how she was impressed by the devotion displayed in our little home. In the fall our company bought another yard at Middletown, Ill., just north of Springfield. This was called Carthage Lumber Co., too. In this last yard Albert and I had a quarter interest each. During this year my sister's husband helped me run the lumber yard. Some little disagreements arising about this time, we sold our interests in the two yards to our partners. This was in April 1899, and we went to Iowa and bought yards at Luana, Arlington and Wadena. Albert located at Luana and I at Arlington. We took in with us as partners, John H. Matts, Dr. C. K. Jayne, G. W. Ayer, Laura Brinkman and Oswald Donkle. We incorporated as Keve Bros. Lumber Co.

Waneta Ventura Keve was born at Arlington on February 15, 1900. In November of this year we took in our old partners, Brittingham & Hixon, and increased our capital stock to \$100,000, calling the company the Jaynes & Keve Bros. Lumber Co. Now was fulfilled the prophecy of father that "if I was honest and upright minded men would furnish me money to enter business." We have twelve lumber yards and our business over a quarter million a year. Pretty good for poor boys like us.

It was at this time that I joined the Masons, having joined the Odd Fellows while I was at Belleville, January 12, 1889.

Dorothy Elenor Keve was born at Arlington, April 20, 1902. On May 23rd following, Zilpha was taken sick with peritonitis, and died on Thursday at five o'clock in the morning, May 29th. We thought at first that she would get well, until the preceding night



before her death, when we had a council of physicians, when they informed me that Zilpha could not live till morning. I had everyone leave the room and I revealed the heart-breaking message to her myself. We had a cry together and prayed together. She gave all necessary instructions and requested to be buried beside grandmother-Keve in the Paoli cemetery. I took the body to Belleville, where the funeral was held the next day, the casket resting over the spot where we stood when we were married. As the train was entering the town, it just occurred to me that we had never returned to Belleville since our marriage, although Zilpha, with two of the children, had been back to visit. I was overcome by emotion and exclaimed to Dr. Hizer, my family physician, who accompanied me, and who has been a very sincere and devoted friend, "I took Zilpha away from Belleville a happy bride, and now I am bringing her a corpse back to be buried." I buried her beside Grand-mother Keve in the cemetery at Paoli. Albert came from New Virginia, Ia, and Mary Niles from Freeport, Ill., to attend the funeral. Zilpha and Mary had been very devoted friends for years, and in Mary thus paying the last tribute of respect to her friend, exemplified in full measure the love of David and Johnathan.

I visited Mary Niles the next January. Had written her daily apprising her of Zilpha's welfare during her sickness. After the funeral had written her every couple of months telling her of the welfare of the children. When due time had elapsed I wrote her making a proposal of marriage, but took several pages to arrive at the point. During the reading of the letter she was interrupted several times by people coming into the treasurer's office. On each interruption she would hide the letter. By and by the letter got so interesting that she hoped no one else would come in to interrupt, for she wanted to see speedily how it was going to come out. We were married at her home in Freeport, on Thursday at 2:30, August 6, 1903. Dr. Axtell performed the ceremony. A few years later he visited the Holy Land, on his return journey was taken sick in Switzerland and died. He requested that his body be cremated and the ashes put in a bottle and buried in his wife's grave. As Mary was the oldest of the family, and the mainstay of her deaf and blind mother, we all therefore realized what it meant to her, so instead of the wedding being all smiles, we in sympathy with the mother, were bathed in tears. It was a very beautiful and ideal day. We boarded the same train we did when I went to marry Zilpha. We journeyed to Madison, the guests of Dr. C. K. Jayne, one of my partners. We were entertained superbly, and it was a red letter day in our wedding trip. We took a drive along the beautiful lake to the west of Madison, and also took a ride on the same lake. This came as near going through this world on "flowery beds of ease" as I ever experienced. We went to Evansville and spent Sunday with our old friend, Tina Bowker-Prucia. This was a most delightful visit, for we had been so intimately associated for so many years. We then visited my relatives and friends at Verona, from which place we took our

departure for Poali, where we visited and fixed up Zilpha's grave. We were entertained over night by an old friend of mine, Miss Mary Derrickson, who was an unbeliever in the Bible. A few years later she died of cancer, requesting that her body be taken to Milwaukee and her ashes scattered over the waters of lake Michigan. It looked as though she wanted to make it as hard as she could for the Lord to resurrect her body.

Thence we went to Belleville and were splendidly entertained by my foster sister, Olive Bowker-Davis. It seemed queer to me that Olive should be old enough to be carrying around a baby of her own. It is said that one of the most difficult questions ever propounded was the one to Christ: "Is it lawful for us to give tribute to Ceasar, or no?" At this time my little boy, Vincent, asked me a very perplexing question as we were talking of his mother. He exclaimed, "Oh, papa which was the best, my first mama or my second mama." I reflected a moment and answered, "Your first mama and your second mamma were the best mammas that ever were in the world."

At this time C. K. Jayne, John H. Matts and G. W. Ayer retired from our concern. It gives me a great pleasure at this auspicious moment, when my old friend, John H. Matts' name is mentioned the last time as a partner, to testify the following of him: I worked for him parts of four years. He did more to shape my life than any other person besides my parents. Mr. Matts is a noble christian man with high ideals, and in his dealings with me, won my respect. He secured for me my position with Brittingham & Hixon. Mr. Matts has been to me a sincere and devoted friend in every sense of the word. It is my wish that every aspiring young man might have such a rare friend for counsel and help. Such friendship is what cheers one on life's highway.

In June 1904 I attended the World's Fair at St. Louis. I spent six days on the grounds. The fair was simply stupendous, so that no one could begin to grasp the majesty and marvelousness of its display. I saw the wonderful Eads bridge that is so justly celebrated in bridge architecture; went to visit the world renowned Shaw Gardens, but could not gain admission, so had to content myself with a view from outside the wall. I could see it was 'a perfect fairy land of shrubbery.

The fore part of 1905 we changed the name of our company to the Keve Lumber Co., on account of some of the stockholders having gone out. This year Albert was with me, assisting in running our large and diversified business. We greatly enjoyed being affiliated together in business again. We abundantly enjoyed this year of endeavor together. To my only brother, Albert E. Keve, I owe much of my success financially, as well as in other directions. No one ever had a brother that was more loyal, more untiring in advancing his interests. He is a strictly first class salesman, being a good judge of human nature. We have always worked together in our business enterprises in the utmost harmony. His rare judgment in many critical moments in our business career



has tided us over into the harbor of safety. Our interests, our ideals, our aspirations are identical.

In April this year I wrote a little book "Rules of Life," for my children. Some of these rules are what Zilpha mentioned on her death bed that I should warn the children about. I wish my children to always have these "Rules" so have incorporated them as a part of this history. May these rules ever be in the archives of the Keves.

I met a boyhood friend under somewhat peculiar circumstances at this time. I had not seen him for about a quarter of a century, or since we were about fifteen years old. I was just entering the car to go to Littleport, when my eyes rested upon a man half way down the car. I passed on to his rear and seated myself across the aisle from him. I viewed him in profile. Finally I went up to him and touched him on the shoulder, saying, "excuse me, is your name Julius Meng?" He replied, "yes, but excuse me, is your name John Keve?" He said he thought it was me as quick as I stepped in at the door. Finally, after talking a while he said, "You remember what a bad fellow I was, how father would whip me within an inch of my life, chain me up, lock me down cellar and finally ended by sending me to the reform school." He continued, "I want to tell you the secret of the whole thing. You remember what a thief Willie Fisher was?" I remembered that he was the natural son of his mother and that he was a sharp, shrewd kleptomaniac. Would steal anything he could get his hands on even if he had no use for it. He was caught stealing gloves, was sentenced to the custody of the constable for three weeks, and he took him out to his farm to work. He set him to hauling wheat, and when he was not under observation he secreted five sacks in a straw stack, coming back and getting them after his release. In after years he was in jail for a season, after which he went braking and was ground to pieces under the train. Resuming his story, Meng said, "Willie would make me steal out of the store and take the things to him, then when father found it out he would whip me till I was almost dead or chain me up or lock me down cellar. Fisher threatened to kill me if I did not steal for him." So he feared Fisher more than he did his father, so he stole. Meng was the oldest of six boys. His father often said that if Julius could only pull through till he got to be a man without committing any great crime he would make the best one of his boys. I think his father sized him up all right, for I noticed that he did not swear, and was very gentlemanly in every respect. He was now a very successful salesman for a saddlery firm.

This history would be incomplete without mentioning P. N. Dwello, who was our pastor for four years. He is one of the very best preachers I have ever listened to. Never did an official of the church and pastor work more in harmony than we did. He did me the honor several times to preach from a text that I selected, and he permitted me to suggest the outline for the sermon. He preached very powerful and eloquent sermons, and many

times as we went to the lecture room for class meeting we would be bathed in tears.

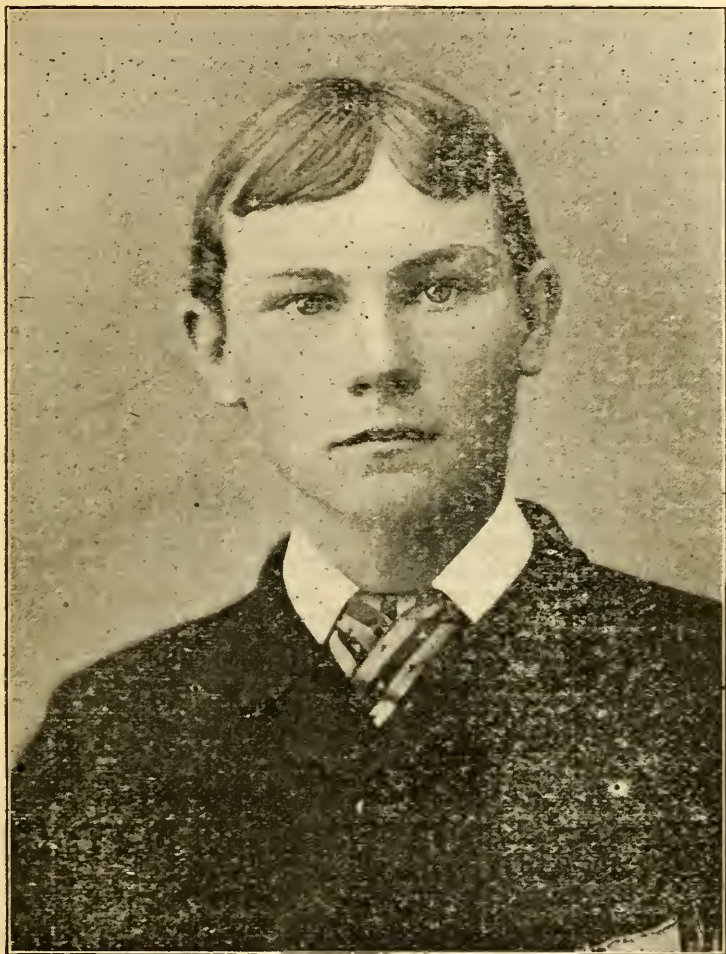
Florence Mercedes Keve was born at Arlington, June 22nd, 1906. In October of that year I attended M. E. conference at Cedar Falls. Bishop McDowell presided. I heard the now Bishop Hughes deliver a very masterly address on education. It gives one a wonderful uplift to attend one of these conferences. The following December I visited old friends in Wisconsin, and also conferred with Mr. Brittingham as regards our business policy, as well as to revisit the scenes of my youth. It is fitting that I should at this time speak of T. E. Brittingham, the man I have been associated with since 1887. He was born at Hannibal, Mo., in about 1860. He acted as book-keeper at \$100 a month and at the age of eighteen threw up his position and went to the Rocky Mountains and started a store for himself on a capital of \$1000.00. After this he travelled for the T. B. Scott Lumber Co., of Merrill, Wis., In 1885 he associated with J. M. Hixon in the retail lumber business with yards at Edgerton, Waterloo and McFarland, Wis. The Belleville yard that I started was their fourth yard. They then bought out a yard at Madison and moved there. Mr. Brittingham now has an interest in over one hundred lumber yards, besides his timber lands and wholesale interests. He is more than a millionaire. I attribute whatever of success in a business way that has attended my efforts to the marvelous foresight and knowledge brought to bear on the business by the unsurpassed genius of Thomas E. Brittingham.

Vincent accompanied me on this trip to Wisconsin. I took him to visit his mother's grave, this being the first of her children making a pilgrimage to the shrine of her resting place. We carried away a sprig of spirea as a memento of this visit. A strange awe rested on this boy in presence of this silent monitor reminding us that death is in the world. In October 1908 I attended conference at Mt. Vernon. Bishop Lewis presided. Dr. Nicholson delivered a very able address at the laying of the corner stone of the gymnasium. I feel that some time he will be a bishop. At this time I made up my mind to move to Mt. Vernon to educate my children and should do so in the year 1917.

When little Florence was two and a half years old she was taken very sick with pneumonia, and was the sickest person that ever got well that our physician or the nurse ever knew of, for her temperature ran up to one hundred six and two-tenths. How we account for her recovery, is, that sometimes a highly magnetic person holding the hand of a sick person, the magnetism imparted will tide them over the crisis, thereby enabling them to rally and recover. Florence insisted that her mother hold her hand constantly, with the marvelous result of an unexpected recovery. Her mother is so highly magnetic that she has magnetized a whole bunch of needles and drawn them along on a table after one held in her fingers.

The fore part of February, 1909, I journeyed to Plymouth, Ill., to visit my cousin, C. M. Donkle; spent two days with him in which

we talked over much of our business experience covering over a decade of time. It was a memorable two days. At this juncture I desire to speak of the rare friendship that has existed between us uninterruptedly for many years. We have been the most devoted of friends, having corresponded for over fifteen years. Our fellowship has been very close and dear. It was our wish for years



CLARENCE M. DONKLE

that we might be affiliated together in business, but now it appears that this wish may never be gratified. No friendship of cousins could have been more brotherly than ours. His strict caution and close attention to business has made him a power in his little city. He has a charming little wife who has always made me feel at



home in the numerous times that I have visited in their hospitable home. It is now our fond wish that when we retire from business that we may settle in the same town to spend our declining years in each other's society. From Plymouth I went to Carthage, my old home that I had not seen for ten years. Only four persons knew me on first sight. There had been many changes in the decade of my absence, on account of the rapid growth of the town. I met many warm friends. I was greatly pleased to note that there was being erected a beautiful new church in the place of the one I attended. Bedford stone was used in its construction, and it was planned up to date as regards Sunday school class rooms. The church cost \$40,000. An elegant new court house had also been built at a cost of \$110,000.

Lucile Sabine Keve was born at the sanatorium at Freeport, Ill., February 11, 1909. It was in March of this year that I conceived and executed the idea of writing this history. Since then I have re-written it many times and added to it as I was able to gain the necessary data. It has involved a lot of correspondence, which joined to the great delays in getting answers, makes it a long drawn-out affair. You may secure a lot of material and lack just one fact that may cause you untold trouble to secure. Yet you cannot use the material you have secured until the missing link is supplied in its proper place. I chose the piece of poetry at the beginning of this book for the Keve poem, as it had been my favorite for several years.

On September 20, 1909, started for Nevada, Mo., to attend the funeral of my brother's wife, who had died of tuberculosis. After the funeral I remained over a couple of days to talk over our lumber business with Albert, as he had been absent from active participation in our business for several years, as he had been journeying from place to place to benefit his wife's health. We finally arranged that he should sell his farm and come to Arlington to assist in conducting our business affairs. From Nevada we went to Kansas City, Mo., to visit Cousin Wiley Keve, who was pastor of one of the Methodist churches in the city of Kansas City, Kan. His brother, Oliver, happened to be there, which made it very pleasant for me to visit the two brothers at one time. Wiley has a very estimable and charming wife, who made me feel as though I was one of the family. This rare charm is an art that few possess. I then visited at Topeka, with some old Paoli friends, the Parkhursts, that I had not seen for thirty years. There is a fine fellowship of friends of old standing, as is noticeable with us all that things, as well as friendships of youth impress us the most. Thence, I took my sojourn to visit my uncle, Henry Keve, whom I had not seen since 1884. I read the Keve history to him and received many valuable suggestions in regard to the same. These old patriarchs, like Uncle Henry are a vast storehouse in which to acquire points bearing on early history of our families. I called on Zilpha's sister and brother at Netawaka and Atchinson. Had never met any of Zilpha's relatives before. Amy reminded me very much of Zilpha. Besides this she was interested in family



history and scrap books same as myself. She knew of a cousin who had a history of the Parks family and she promised to get it for me, which she did a couple of years later.

Again I visited in Wisconsin in January, 1910, taking Waneta with me, so that she would be enabled to visit her mother's grave. We visited at Henry Boning's, that is across the river and valley from our old farm and the cemetery. The snow was eighteen inches deep, and still snowing and blowing. So I contented myself with pointing out to Waneta our old farm beyond the valley on the side of the hill. We could see the cemetery in the distance, through the bleak and dreary wastes of snow. The little tented hillocks of white, rested in calm repose above Waneta's sainted mother, and others, who are resting and waiting for the "Glorious Day of His Appearing." Thus, the second of Zilpha's children rendered homage to her memory, by the look of earnest desire, as did Moses look from Mount Nebo into the promised land.

In September, 1910, I attended conference at Charles City. Bishop Hamilton presided. I appreciated especially his great lecture on the people of Boston. Saw there a person 99 years old, the oldest person I ever saw. Myrtle Majella Keve was born at White's sanatorium at Freeport, Ill., October 17, 1910. I was greatly disappointed as I wanted a boy.

Mrs. Keve and myself decided to take a trip on the lakes from Chicago to Duluth in the month of July. There is a glamour and charm about the lakes that is very fascinating. Gliding over the billowy waves, in and out among the many beautiful islands, brought an ever charming view that presented a kaliedoscopic panorama that one never tired of. We took a drive over the bewitching island of Mackinac, that is so full of romantic and historic interest that is associated with its fort and block house. An heroic bronze statue of Father Marquette is erected there. A picturesque feature was a natural stone bridge. We were also shown the cave in which Henry hid away from the Indians at the time of the massacre.

We went through the canal and locks at St. Mary's, which was a very interesting sight as Lake Superior is eighteen feet higher than Lake Huron. At Duluth we took a drive in a carry-all drawn by six horses and carrying twenty-four passengers. On the high bluffs to the rear of the city one could look over the bay to the far away hills, which was one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring sights that I ever have beheld. When we drove through the foreign part of the city, innumerable children followed us asking for pennies. I threw some pennies into the crowd and in the mad scramble one little girl was knocked a dozen feet. Neither of us got seasick while on the boat, although there were some of the passengers who were not so fortunate.

About this time Den Palmer, a lawyer of Arlington, died. It had been said of him that he had the brightest intellect of any student that ever entered the Upper Iowa University. Shortly after Zilpha's death he came to my office and talked to me more consolingly and and appreciatingly than any other of my friends.

His fine intellect was stored with an inexhaustable supply of Bible, poetry and prose that was of a helpful nature in a time of mourning like mine. What a power for good he might have been in the world if he had chosen that "better part." He always had a tender spot in my heart for coming to me, in my hour of trial, with such tender thoughts and sentiments. Shortly before he passed away he heard a funeral sermon preached that greatly pleased him, so he requested the minister that if he was here when he died that he would preach that sermon at his funeral. He died soon after, thus the very funeral sermon he had heard was preached over his mortal remains.

I again attended the conference at Waterloo, in September, 1911. Bishop Neeley presided. He preached a very powerful sermon on Sunday morning, thereby retrieving himself in my estimation as I had a very poor opinion before that of him. Since then he was retired at the general conference, much against his will.

Cousin Oliver Morton Keve delivered the memorial address at Arlington in 1912. His delivered a very able address, giving universal satisfaction. He is a born orator. He has a splendid delivery, his voice carrying in full volume with distinct enunciation to every corner of the room. His address is pleasing. One noticeable feature is that when he arrives at a climax, he will lower his head and raise his eyes, thereby clinching his argument by an appeal of the eyes that is eloquent and impressive. It is a peculiar little trick that I have never noticed in any other speaker. He made the Keve race at Arlington proud.

In July I made a trip with my cousin, C. M. Donkle, who had moved from Plymouth, Madison, Wis. We boarded the boat at Chicago for a trip to Quebec. In going from Sault St. Marie, Canada, to Owens Sound we passed through a very desolate part of Lake Huron, the islands being of rock formation, there being but little soil on them, thereby making the country look barren and useless. In our journey to and through the Georgian bay, we passed among what is called the Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay. It is simply marvelous to view the countless myriads of islands in their different fantastic peculiarity. As we fleet by island after island there is a charm and change that keeps one on the alert for fear he will miss seeing a different magic and enchanting scene that has not greeted him before. At Owen's Sound we took the Grand Trunk railway for Toronto. It was noticeable that all the houses were of brick or concrete, built to stand centuries. A great deal of wheat is raised here in small patches. It is a poor country, and very stony, the stones being gathered in huge piles or made into a fence. The fields are small. One could not help but observe the countless little lakes, (lacustrines) that dotted the country on every hand. At Toronto we took ship for Charlotte, N. Y., that is a kind of Coney Island summer resort. It was the most beautifully illuminated by electricity of any place I ever saw, except the World's Fair at St. Louis. It had all the various attractions of Coney Island. Thence we went

to Kingston and on to the world renowned Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, which are actually over 1600 in number. The surpassing grandeur of these enchanting islands cannot be adequately described. Millionaires from all over the East have reared costly summer residences that are palatial. On every hand were summer hotels that are magnificent, commanding scenic views that are enchanting. Many of the private homes cost into the hundreds of thousands, and even into the millions, one even costing the princely sum of \$3,000,000.00. What a waste of money for a brief summer season.

In traveling over the lakes I observed that each one had its own individuality; that is its own color. The waters of Michigan are blue, that of Huron green, that of Superior like glass, that of Ontario a bottle green. In the railway trip we missed Lake Erie and the falls. Montreal is a grand city at the foot of Mt. Royal, which is 700 feet above the river. From this eminence the scene was truly dazzling, in viewing the panorama of the islands and distant hills. This view is most truly enchanting, while having powerful field glasses, we were enabled to see distant objects with great distinctness. No traveler should make such a trip without glasses. We noted in passing that there were no bridges over the St. Lawrence until we got to where Canada owned both banks of the river. We visited the celebrated cathedral there, that is the finest on this continent. One should go to the rear of the pulpit so as to see the little chapel, which absolutely surpasses anything I ever saw. It is a veritable dream in sculpture and painting that is fairly dazzling. One is held in a spell of awe and reverence that seldom comes to one.

Every traveller going to Quebec should read Parkman's histories, or at least his second volume of Pontiac's Conspiracy for facts about Mackinac Island's fort, block house and the massacre there, and also the second volume of his Montcalm & Wolfe, which relates all the romantic history of the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. Quebec is on a rocky plateau 300 feet above the St. Lawrence. It is a natural place for a stronghold, with truly magnificent natural defenses. At the foot of the rock the St. Charles river empties into the St. Lawrence. The Island of Orleans is in view down the river, and across the river is Point Levis on a great bluff, so that ships passing have to go through this narrow channel between these high hills. We hired a rig to take us around to the places of historic interest immortalized in early American history. We gazed on the spot where the American General Montgomery fell in 1775 while attempting to scale the heights. We visited the places where Montcalm and Wolfe fell on that memorable occasion that changed the destiny of half a continent. Wolfe's monument is a tall shaft surmounted with a broken sword and helmet. Montcalm's monument pictures him as just wounded and falling into the arms of a supporting angel. We were shown the building where Montcalm lived and also the one he used for his headquarters. I also saw the convent where his body is buried. Wolfe's body was taken to England for interment.



A person should also read Gilbert Parker's book, "The Seats of the Mighty," which portrays very vividly in the form of a novel all the incidents touched upon in the Parkman's history. This book was the most real of any book I ever read, as I had been there and visited nearly every place mentioned in the book.

We went to Montmorenci Falls by rail, going all the way by the Beauport shoals behind which Montcalm had his army stationed. Wolfe had his forces stationed on the Montmorenci river the other side of the falls. The water precipitates itself over the precipice in a sheer fall of 274 feet. It is truly a thrilling sight. A bridge used to span the river above the falls, but one day as a peasant and his wife were crossing it collapsed, taking the hapless couple over the falls never to be seen again.

We next visited the celebrated cathedral of St. Anne of Beauport, where it is claimed so many miracles are performed. It is truly a wonderful building. There are sixteen grand marble columns supporting the roof. To the right there are eight little chapels on each side in which one can do his devotions before his chosen saint. There are innumerable relics, crutches, wooden legs, swords, pistols and countless other things that have been left by those that claim that they have been cured. Pilgrims come to visit the church and do their devotions at the shrine of St. Anne. I was there a long time and watched attentively, but did not see any miracles performed. The next day we crossed over to Point Levis, where on the heights Wolfe finally stationed his forces to bombard Quebec, as well as from the Island of Orleans which he occupied from the first. From these bluffs we could see Montmorenci Falls very plainly, they being seven miles away. It was astonishing, that through the glasses we could see the waters tumultuously tumble over the precipice in the dazzling noon-day sun. As we trained the glasses on Orleans we could see the once warlike Orleans reposing in the shimmering sun of high noon, its inhabitants resting in peace and safety enjoying the fruits of their little farms as they reposed in the fitting shadows, while beneficent peace brooded over the sylvan scene.

Interested in geneology as I am, I ran across an interesting and astonishing case in this line at Quebec. Jean Truedell came to Quebec and married a dutch lady in 1655, they having twelve children, nine boys and three girls. They all lived, grew up and married. Now there are 5,000 families who trace their descent to this couple. This is truly astonishing. I want to impress upon my descendents to keep unbroken our history, so that the heritage of this history may be traced in our lineage unbroken even through the female line, for with a written history as ours is, there is truly an incentive to keep in touch with the achievements of our race.

Going by rail from Quebec to Beauport, a distance of twenty miles, there is a continual string of buildings the whole distance. The fields are about six rods wide and run to the river. In the early days the settlements were made along the rivers as it made an easy way of communicating with each other. The peasants farm as they did in France, one-horse carts with two wheels, that



are a great convenience in such a hilly country. It is my desire that my boy make this visit, and as many more of my descendants as can, for it is a marvellous trip to make. We returned from Quebec by rail, nothing of interest occurring until I was west of Freeport, where a rail broke when the train was speeding along at sixty miles an hour. Happily the cars did not overturn as the two front wheels of the engine remained on the track, thereby keeping the whole train upright, otherwise, if the cars had overturned, there might have been great disaster. The track was plowed up like a field, the ties chopped into kindling wood, while the rails were twisted in all manner of shapes

In 1911 I was elected vice-president of the North Eastern Iowa Lumber Association, and the following year was advanced to the presidency.

Conference convened at Marshalltown, with Bishop Hughes presiding. The Bishop is a very able man and is of a humorous turn of mind. I was so pleased with his address on "Education," at Cedar Falls that I was not surprised at his being elected to the bishopric. I have heard Bryan lecture three times. The first lecture, "The Value of an Ideal," I was thrilled and thrilled as no men had moved me before. This was an oration, while the other addresses were in the nature of an argument, hence did not effect me so. He is a wonderful orator, and one can hear him from the outskirts of the crowd, just as well as if close by. His voice has wonderful carrying power. You can hear every word distinctly even if he has his back to you while addressing the audience in the opposite part of the hall.

In December while sojourning over Sunday in Des Moines, I attended a darky meeting for the first time. The minister kept his Bible in his hand all the time and was constantly motioning with it, while about every other sentence was, "Glory to God." After the sermon he shook hands with all the darkies. Then a darky would get up and testify, after which he would shake hands all around as did the minister. This was repeated by all. In the meanwhile the others shouted, clapped their hands, shouted and jumped up and down all the while humming a song of which the refrain was, "Just the same; just the same."

Christmas, 1912 was the finest Christmas known by the oldest inhabitant. It was balmy and pleasant, the roads being nice and smooth, so that everyone having an automobile was out improving the time. Other Christmases have been as warm or as good in some respects, but there would be some drawback, like rough or slushy roads. Hence this Christmas everyone enjoyed the day to the limit.

When I was about seventeen years of age I drank lye by mistake. I have been bothered for years with my throat on that account, choking when eating meat, or anything dry like fried cakes. After nearly choking to death last April on a piece of chicken lodging in my esophagus, I went to the celebrated Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minn., for an operation. After an X Ray examination it was discovered that I had a stricture of the esopha-

gus, so they ran an instrument down my throat about eight inches to enlarge the stricture. This process will have to be gone throughs about twice a year for the balance of my life.

While at Rochester I had the pleasure of listening to Ronald Amundsen, the celebrated discoverer of the South Pole, lecture on how he "Found the South Pole." It was very inspiring to one in listening to this, one of the heroes of the age, as he depicted the tale of difficulties overcome and triumphs achieved, in that bleak and desolate region. One is thrilled as he listens to the magic story of daring, and the grandeur never achieved by any other human being who returned to tell the story of heroic endeavor.

In the latter part of June, 1913 I took Steamship Minnesota at Chicago for Buffalo. Lake St. Clair is a shallow lake, being surrounded for miles with low marshy ground. In this it is different from the others of the Great Lakes. For miles toward the south end of the lake, it is so shallow that the government has dug a deep channel and thrown the dirt each side, and shrubbery has grown on both embankments, so that it looks as though one was sailing along a river, as there are banks on each side and beyond is the broad expanse of the lake. It was very picturesque and charming. For miles and miles are summer cottages, some built on piling, while others are built on made land, that is they took dirt which where they excavated they left as channels, so it would appear to one as a miniature Venice. It all looked dreary to me, and I don't fancy that I would care to spend my vacation amid such a waste of waters. I should want trees and birds and hills to lend enchantment to the surroundings.

I had never been on Lake Erie, as my trip to Quebec had missed that lake. The water of Lake Erie is of a light green color. Landing at Buffalo, I ran up to Niagara Falls. It certainly is an awe inspiring sight to see the great volume of water tumble tumultuously over the terrible precipice into the abyss of seething foam. The Canadian side is the prettier, and in the shape of a horseshoe. I took the trolley down the gorge on the Canadian side and up on the American side. This is one of the stupendous and marvelous sights of the world, in viewing the channel a couple of hundred feet deep cut by Niagara as it plowed its irresistible way through the solid rock in its progress towards Ontario. This took countless and untold ages to accomplish, but the final result is a grand parorama that is the wonder of the world. Near Kingston on the Canada side the British have erected a colossal monument marking where General Brock fell and also the farthest point reached by the Americans in their invasion of Canada in the war of 1812. I ascended to the top of the monument to view the scenery from so elevated a position. With my field glasses I could see the ships on Lake Ontario, about fifteen miles away. I went by rail to Albany. Secured a guide to take me through the justly celebrated capitol building that cost twenty-five million dollars. It is a perfect marvel of wonders, as no two rooms or halls are finished or furnished alike. It is unique in every feature, there not being another building in the world that can compare with it. There are two

stairways that are marvels of architecture, each costing nearly half a million. Albany has a very beautiful park that has innumerable monuments in it. One that struck me with its grandeur was an heroic statue of Moses striking the rock, while the waters were gushing forth from every side, and the Israelites rushing to slake their thirst.

I took the trip down the world renowned Hudson river. It was a perfect and ideal day. There was an orchestra on the boat that played almost continuously. As one glided down the river that was thronged with so many historic incidents, one could easily imagine that he was in fairy land. Countless ice houses thronged both sides of the river, for as the tide ascends the river for thirty or forty miles, it is necessary to have them above where the salt water reaches. With my field glasses I could see the hotels on the top of the Catskill mountains sixteen miles away. Washington's headquarters at Newberg were pointed out to me. A gigantic figure and painting of Rip Van Winkle greeted one in the vicinity of the episode of this ever pleasing legend. West Point is on high, bluff ground, and but very little of it could be seen from the boat. Sing Sing prison borders right on the waters of the Hudson, and it looms up conspicuously from the river view point. Matteawan asylum is some distance back from the river, situated amid enchanting and inspiring scenes. The forests of one of the mountains that bordered the river were afire, thereby lending an awesomeness to the otherwise magic scene. The heights of the mountains were pointed out where beacon fires were kindled communicating from peak to peak from New York to West Point, during the Revolutionary war. One is called Beacon Mountain.

New York City is certainly a marvelous city. With the renowned Palisades so near by, one is greatly impressed by the marvels of nature on one side, while on the other side are the marvels of New York architecture. In upper New York, or above the Harlem river is the Hall of Fame and near by is the great statue on a high column, erected in honor of Henry Hudson. On Manhattan Island the river bank of upper New York, is faced by some of the finest and largest tenement houses in the world. The rent that some command is simply unbelievable. The buildings are six or eight stories high, built, of the best material procurable. Some families pay as high as five or six thousand a year for their compartments of ten or twelve rooms. I travelled over nearly all of Manhattan Island, which is about two and a half miles wide and thirteen miles long. Went on an excursion around the city, on street cars and on two story auto busses, besides riding in the tunnels. Some places there is a street car line on the ground, then there will be the elevated road above it, and beneath will be the tunnel railway.

I visited Chinese Joss houses; went to Madison Square Garden and saw where Thaw shot White; put in a couple of days at the New York public library, which I have touched upon elsewhere. Spent a half day in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I here saw the greatly celebrated painting of the "Horse Fair," by Rosa



Bonheur. The painting sold for \$100,000. I circumnavigated Manhattan Island, passing all the numerous small Islands that the New York public institutions are situated upon. Watched the emigrants as they landed at the battery from Ellis Island. Viewed "Liberty Enlightening the World." This undoubtedly thrills the heart of the oppressed foreigner as he views it from the incoming ship, for it is very grand and imposing in its majestic proportions. I took a trip on an excursion boat out through the bay twenty-five or thirty miles, thus getting out on the real Atlantic a distance of six miles. I boarded a ferry boat for Staten Island, the home of our ancestors, the Latourettes. Landed at St. George and about the first person I met was a Merrill, another descendent of the Latourettes. I stopped at various points: Stapleton Great Kills, Princess Bay and Atlantic. Called on various Coles, among whom was Chas. P. Cole of Princess Bay, who had a written history of the Coles, but they could not help me any in my quest for the heirs of Peter Cole. At the latter place I met Laura B. Yettman, a descendent of the French Count Latourette. I spent several hours at her hospitable home and was invited to remain for supper, of which kindly invitation I gladly availed myself. She was interested in the Latourette geneology and had written some in that line of research, but was not able to throw any light on the points that I was lacking. However with kindred thoughts the time sped by quickly and pleasantly.

In going to Coney Island, I crossed the great Brooklyn bridge both by street car and auto. Coney Island certainly beat anything for amusement that I have ever seen. Thousands were bathing on the beach. One could rent a bathing suit as low as ten cents. There were two celebrated parks to visit, Luna Park and Steeple Chase Park. Many marvels were on exhibition, and the various devices for trapping the unwary observer were very laughable sometimes. It would take a book to tell all I saw on Coney Island.

I ascended in an elevator to the top of the Woolworth building, 750 feet above the pavement. This is the highest building in the world. Two others, the Singer and Metropolitan Life buildings are next to the highest. The view from the Woolworth building is grand in the extreme for one could see for miles over into New Jersey, while the banks of the city were thronged with the largest foreign vessels. People in the street looked like dolls.

I did not neglect to make a pilgrimage to Grant's tomb, on the banks of the Hudson. It is a massive building costing \$500,000. Over the entrance is carved Grant's famous words, "Let Us Have Peace." In the rear of the building is a tree, enclosed by a high iron fence, that was planted by the famous Chinaman, Li Hung Chang, when he visited the tomb, for he was very fond of General Grant, as Grant had made his acquaintance when he made his tour of the world. The General's body rests in a magnificent wooden casket and his wife's is in a similiar one at his side. The caskets are about six feet below where one stands, and there is a railing around to keep people from falling over into where the coffins are. It was with great awe that I stood in the presence of the mortal



remains of that simple, great man with the indomitable will, that would "fight it out on this line if it took all summer." There are several small rooms with flags, commissions and other trophies of the great general. I took a view of Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park. I rode under Hudson river several times in the tunnels, or "tubes," as they are called, I also crossed the Hudson on the ferry.

In returning to Buffalo to take the boat, I took transportation over the Lehigh road. The mountains of Pennsylvania are wild and grand. There seemed to be but very little farming land. The country was wild and desolate. The mountains were covered with huge rock strewn in inextricable confusion. When we reached the crest of the mountain 2,000 feet above the sea, I looked across to another crest and saw a train with two engines in the front and a like amount in the rear pushing. I stopped off at Wilkesbarre a few hours to see what I could of the hard coal mines. As the mines are a mile deep and run off each way a couple of miles, I did not venture to explore any of them. Also tarried over a day at Ithica to view the celebrated Cornell College. From the campus there is a truly magnificent view over a great valley, that reminded me of the view over the bay from heights of Duluth, only this view at Ithica is over land instead of water as at Duluth. Cayuga Lake is very picturesquely situated, there being many summer residences along its shores. I took an excursion ride to view them. My next stop was at Geneva, which is situated on Lake Seneca. It is a very deep and treacherous lake, not giving up its dead. There is a tree in Geneva under which stood LaFayette when he visited the city in 1824, during his visit in this country.

On my return to Buffalo I viewed where McKinley was assassinated and the house where he died. Down town there is a great monument erected to his memory. I saw the house where Roosevelt took the oath of office as president; was pointed out the house in which Cleveland lived while in Buffalo. Passed the cemetery where President Fillmore is buried. This is said to be the largest cemetery in the world. In this cemetery I saw many white obelisks used for monuments. I never saw so many before.

At Chicago I visited Lucia K. Tower, the daughter of John Joseph Keve. She is the first of John's children I have ever met. She is the wife of a professor in the Chicago University. Lucia is a highly educated woman, and is possessed of a very superior mind. She takes great pride in training her four children and is now in Switzerland to educate them.

I attended the Methodist conference at Tipton in September, 1913. Bishop Frank Bristol presided over the deliberations from day to day. He preached a very able and interesting sermon on Sunday. I did not like him very well for he tried to be too theatrical to suit me. His lecture on "Brains" was a very masterful and instructive effort. Without doubt it was one of the most powerful addresses I ever had the pleasure of listening to. One speaker said, he only knew of three great men in the world. "There is

myself," he said, "and, a-n-d, a-n-d, really I have forgotten the other two."

This October John H. Matts passed away at the age of sixty-four, after being in a decline for several years. If ever anyone had a true friend, it was I that had it in the friendship of John H. Matts. I commenced working for him at eighteen and in working for him for over four years, he greatly influenced my life by his wise counsel and Godly life.

ANECDOTES—One time as I was driving along, I saw a red headed, freckle faced boy. I greeted him thus, "Hello! Peter." Quick as a flash, he replied, "Hello! Punkin Eater." When walking home with a cer ain girl, she remarked, "Oh, I am getting to be an angel." I reached over and felt of her shoulder, and told her I could not feel the wings sprouting yet. Another girl I had been taking home for some time, was standing near the door, while I remarked, "How much better I enjoy your society since I learned how to take you." She replied, "Why, you don't know how to take me." I took a step forward, put both my arms around her waist and pulled her to myself and kissed her, telling her, "this is the way to take you." It was a mighty taking way. Recently as I was away over Sunday, one of my little girls exclaimed, "Who will preach in Sunday school today since papa is gone?"

I am greatly interested in church work. Have been one of the the trustees of the Methodist church for many years, and also superintendent of the Sunday school quite a number of years. I am supporting a pastor-teacher in India. I have often been taken for a preacher.

I am very fond of reading, having a large library of several hundred volumes. I have a pretty good memory, my choice of reading running largely to history. I do not read trashy books.

Now in 1914, Albert and I are partners with others in fourteen lumber yards. Eleven are called the Keve Lumber Company, and I am manager and treasurer. The League Lumber Co. has one yard, and the Diamond Lumber Co. has two yards, of which I am president. For the year 1913 our companies did over \$350,000 business.

I commenced this history in March, 1909, and now, in February 1914, I am putting the finishing touches to it. I have written it in fragments, added to and taken from as I got new material. Hence it is of a somewhat broken nature as regards smoothness of reading. At other times I have tried to use the language of the parties that furnished me the material. It is my wish that every one of our race will be the better in health, the more Godly in life, for having read this book that bears to you the love I have for everyone that carries in his veins the blood of the glorious ancestry that I have studied so carefully, setting in array their virtues for you to emulate, trusting in that higher power, that none may ever lower the standard and trail it in the dust.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Albert E. Keve

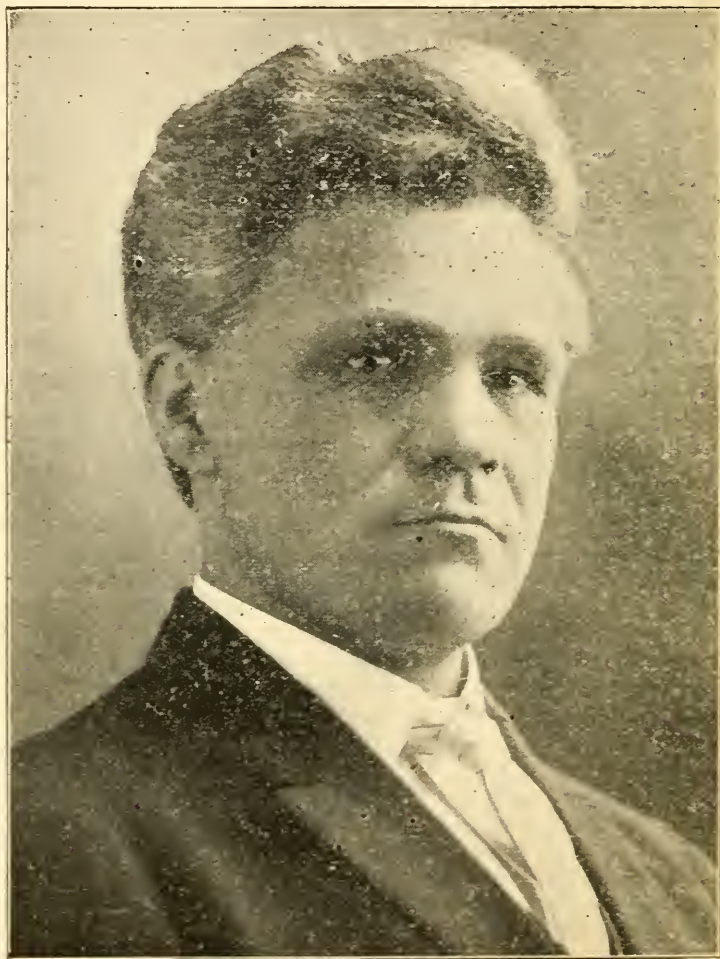
I, Albert E. Keve, remember very vividly the old swimming hole and fishing grounds at Paoli in connection with the mighty Sugar river of my boyish fancy. My first school teacher was Naomi Clewette, and the next was Ella Ferris. At this time I had two cancers, one leaving a scar on my right cheek. When thirteen years old moved on the farm a mile south of Paoli. When fifteen moved with father to South Dakota. Taught one term of school at the Duxbury school house, Heard Susan B. Anthony lecture. While she was a perfect lady in every sense of the word, her looks and actions were masculine. It was also my pleasure to hear De Witt Talmage and Sam Jones lecture at different times. I also belonged to the Law and Order League. Father being a representative in 1892, I went to Pierre, the capitol, on a pass. I well remember the shaking up the temperance bill got. I went with father and others up Bad River to an Indian reservation pow wow. Attended the World's Fair in 1893. Met brother, J. F. Keve there. Had a fine time visiting and sight seeing. It was a memorable experience.

I staid with father until I was twenty-nine years old, then going to Belleville, Wis., to learn the lumber business. This was in October, 1895. The next spring went to Verona and worked for my board. In June went to Carthage, Ill., to help John in a yard that he had a half interest in. On April 16, 1897, I met Nellie M. Dickinson at Crit Simpson's at a M. E. social. In October went to Newport, Indiana, to run a lumber yard for Brittingham & Hixon. In February, 1898, I went to Carthage and married Nellie M. Dixon on February 2nd. In October of this year went to Middleton, Ill., to run a yard in which I had a part interest. Not being in sympathy with our partners, we sold out to them in April 1899. This same month I went to Luana and John to Arlington, Iowa. The yards were called the Keve Bros. Lumber Co.

Joy Keve was born at Carthage, Ill., on May 28, 1899. Nellie came to Luana on July 1st. We spent the happiest two years of our married life at Luana. Never expect again to meet such sociable and kindly people. In April 1901 went to New Virginia to run a yard. Here Clyde St. Clair Keve was born on May 14, 1901. For two years was associated with G. C. Woods in a lecture course, the Midland Lyceum bureau. The lectures were a decided success, and a great interest was aroused in this line of work. In the year 1904 I lived on a claim in Ward county, N. D. I hayed, harvested and threshed in the big wheat fields of the west. The experience was novel, the work very hard and the exposure was trying. At this juncture I made a flying trip into Canada. In 1905 went to Arlington and helped John in the management of our business, as it had grown to nine yards now. Nellie contracted lung trouble and went to her mother's at Carthage, Ill., in June. I stayed at father's and John's. Everything was done to make



my life as pleasant as it could be under the circumstances. Nellie's improvement was remarkable and reflected great credit on her mother as a nurse. On January 2, 1906 started for New Mexico for Nellie's health. On the 10th bought 40 acres of land, irrigated, as it was a rainless country. Had experiences to remember a life time. The climate not proving especially beneficial for lung trouble, sold out and moved to Nevada, Mo., in January 1908.



ALBERT E. KEVE

Bought a 120 acre farm eight miles east of Nevada. Father and mother visited us the next fall. Nellie was bed-ridden from about the first of May, and from that time I sat by her side constantly as she would not allow anyone else to wait on her. On September



20, 1909 at two forty-five p. m., she died, and was buried in Wild-wood cemetery in Nevada. Miss Roxy Cunningham nobly assisted in taking care of Neliie. Sold the Missouri farm and returned to Arlington, stopping off at Kansas City, Kansas, to visit Cousin Wiley Keve. I had a time never to be forgotton. In seeing the sights in Kansas City under his guidance I learned much as I had never been around much in a large city.

Mother and father boarded the children and myself for a year, only charging the nominal sum of \$1.00 a week. I then boarded at Thomas Prideaux's and George Hill's for some time. After keeping company with Bertha L. Deming over a year, married her on August 16, 1911, and spent a very pleasant honey moon at St. Paul and Minneapolis. We saw Minnehaha Falls in all their beauty. Also sojourned to old Fort Sherman; tarried a long time in Long-fellow Gardens, viewing the flowers and animals. The fountains were simply superb. Was permitted to take in the beauty of the famous pictures in the world renowned Walker gallery.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### Virginia Olive Keve

Virginia Olive Keve was born January 6, 1873 and lived with her folks at Paoli, Wis., until the spring of 1881, when she accompanied her parents to South Dakota. At the age of eighteen, in the year 1891, began teaching school which vocation was followed for the two succeeding years. On September 19, 1894 was united in marriage to Henry J. Johnson of Chula, Mo.; went there at once after her marriage, where she resided until 1897, when she moved to Carthage, Ill., for one year, returning to Chula and remaining until 1902, then moved to Elgin, Iowa, where her husband ran a yard for the Keve Bros. Lumber Co. In 1904 moved to Worthington to take charge of a lumber yard, elevator and hardware store, remaining there until 1910 when they moved to Adel, Iowa, then a few months later going to Coin, Iowa, to run a yard in which they had an interest. In May of 1912, moved to Clutier, Iowa to run a yard in which they were to have some stock. To this union were born two children, Glenwood Keve Johnson, born at Chula, Mo., January 2, 1896, and was killed by a train running into him on July 5, 1900. Cleo Bernice Johnson was born at Chula, Mo., October 8, 1897.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### Zilpha Parks-Keve

#### GENEOLOGY OF ZILPHA PARKS

1. Captain John Whipple was born in England in 1617 and died May 16, 1685. Married a lady whose given name was Sarah. He

is buried at Providence, Rhode Island.

2. Benjamin Whipple, son of Captain John, was born in April, 1686.

3. Benjamin Whipple Jr, was born Nov. 11, 1688. Married to Sarah Brown on November 11, 1722. He died in 1784.

4. Stephe Wnipple was born July 24, 1735. His mother was Esther Miller. He was married to Zilpha Angel on June 30, 1760. She died June 28, 1830 and her husband died February 28, 1831.

5. Benjamin Whipple 3rd was born August 8, 1787. He was married to Amy Tyrrell of Lanesboro, Mass., December 9, 1810. He died January 25, 1846.

6. Harriet C. Whipple, daughter of Benjamin 3rd, was born November 29, 1828, at Chesire, Mass. She was united in marriage to Charles W. Parks of Dalton, Mass., on March 30, 1846.

Charles W. Parks was born at Dalton, Mass., March 29, 1824, of Scotch descent. Harriet C. Whipple was born at Chesire, Mass., January 8, 1827. Miss Whipple was a descendent of the Puritans, the fifth generation from Captain John Whipple, who was born in England in 1617, and settled in Providence, Rhode Island, July 29, 1659. Mr. Parks and Miss Whipple were united in marriage at Pittsfield, Mass, March 30, 1846. They moved from Pittsfield to Fox Lake, Wis, in about 1858. From thence they went to Ridott, Ill., where Zilpha was born June 14, 1860. Zilpha moved with her parents to Muscotah, Kan., in 1867. In 1870 an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out and took four of Zilpha's eight brothers and sisters, together with her parents. Her father died July 17, 1870 and her mother followed the 20th of the next month.

That fall Zilpha returned to Pecatonica, Ill., and lived with an aunt, and the following spring went to Belleville, Wis., to live with Mrs. Bly Cowdry, living there until June, 1887, thence returning with Mrs. Cowdry to Ridott, where she remained until Mr. Cowdry's death in 1894. After visiting at several places she finally returned to Belleville and made her home with her old friend, Tina Bowker. These two persons were instrumental in having a new M. E. church erected that year. Zilpha was employed in a tailor shop at \$1.25 a day, of which amount she gave half to the church. J. F. Keve had great difficulty in persuading her to give up her church work to marry him. They were married January 17, 1897, and lived in Carthage, Ill., two years, after which they moved to Arlington, Iowa, where she died May 29, 1902. Zilpha had dark brown hair and eyes. Her eyes would fairly snap, and at times it would seem that they could talk. She was very quick and witty in conversation. She was not afraid to engage in conversation with the very best, for her readiness and quickness enabled her to always come out of the scrimmage credibly. She had many sincere and devoted friends, of which Tina Bowker and Mary Niles were two of the staunchest. She united with the Methodist Episcopol church when a girl and was a very earnest worker in all departments of church work.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Letter Written By J. F. Keve To Zilpha Parks

Jeremiah 30:2.

Carthage, Ill., Sept. 27, 1896.

Dearest Zilpha:—

As I had not time to write the third letter last week, so now on this Lord's day, I will answer your most excellent missive of the 23rd inst., in which for the first time you have consented and said you would come with me to Carthage in December next as my loved wedded wife. In making this sacrifice of duty for my happiness and welfare, I desire in a fitting manner to express my love and gratitude to you for your noble sacrifice of sacred ties and hallowed associations. I recognize that the Lord has wonderfully blessed me in bestowing on me the pure love of such a noble christian woman as you, and I trust and pray that you may never for an instant regret that you cast your lot and destiny with me. I trust that it will ever be the first aim of my life to study to make you happy and hold your allegiance as fulfilling the duty of the ideal husband. To suitably celebrate this event I will write it in a booklet that you may in a manner appreciate the gravity of the occasion as I view it. What is written in a book is supposed to be of importance, and worthy of preservation, so I desire that this memento, this book of affection, may be treasured up by you as one of your choicest souvenirs filed away with the sacred relics of a vanished past. In the realm of thought many pleasant fancies throng the mind, painting in roseate hues the various periods of life. When a boy I longed for the day that I would be 21, a man, but then, after all, age does not constitute manhood. True nobility of manhood is not a matter of years, but a cultivation of those principles that pertain to grandeur in God's sight. To fulfill the destiny as marked by the great Architect of the universe is the only impelling impulse that should predominate in any human being. Again, on reaching manhood's estate, I pictured a wife, but then how different from now, I wanted one with this and that accomplishment little thinking of the inward beauty of the heart. In meeting you daily, my own true love, I was learning of the beauty of your character, the many lovable qualities that have bound so many dear friends in a friendship so fast. I was led to look at marriage in a different light; the companionship, the affinity of soul for soul. The blessed assurance of perfect trust, the fulfilling of a longing for reciprocal companionship, the feeling that I could not be happy without you being at my side to share in every hour of my life, to be happy with me, rejoice with me, and be an incentive to spur me on in all deeds that will be ennobling for humanity. You seem to have fulfilled every longing of my soul, and I could not help loving you, that is all there is to it, Dearie. The wind bloweth where it listeth, whence it came or whither it goeth no man knows; so love is. Suffice it to say of all the countless lovely women with brilliant intellects and fortunes, I want none of them; I only want my adorable, loving, trusting, companionable Zilpha, with her sterling christian faith, and yea,



my cup of joy will be running over, I will be happy all the day. In your last letter you want me not to be angry with you for writing as you feel about our marriage. I certainly am not angry; the confession only forges one more link of love and perfect trust. This is one reason, I think our union will be a happy one, you trusting me with every thought and aspiration of your soul and being; as long as you do that and I reciprocate the action, our love will be perfect, indissoluble. You are only the more lovable, the more peerless in my estimation. Sacred ties and associations should not be sundered suddenly without due deliberation. This action will only be another incentive to command my respect and love when I think of the noble work laid aside by the summons of love's sweet sway and dominion. Darling I know you do not marry me for a home or for support, nor do I marry you for a housekeeper. If either of these motives governed us, we would have been married years ago, for we both have had chances enough. Because I am King and you Queen, I look to you and you to me, perfect love and trust governing our actions. You say Christ called you to work in Belleville. I grant it. Now why not recognize that he has called you to Carthage to minister unto me, and I unto you? I have been praying for you to come, why not recognize that Christ is answering my prayers, as well as yours in regard to health and work in the church? Don't I need you and you me as much as the church at Belleville does? Others can take up your work at the church, but you know your place can't be filled at my side until you arrive here to cheer me along in life's pathway, strewing the path with roses and sweet smiles and loving words. When you are pronounced my wife by the preacher, at that moment half my hard earned little property is yours. I don't want you to ask for a dollar, but take it, as you will be the treasurer in our little household. A woman asking for ten cents is too much like throwing a crust of bread to a dog. I think that a wife asking a husband for a trifling bit of money destroys all independence and alienates the affections. If I can't trust you with my pocketbook, I don't see how I could trust you with anything else. You say you never dreamed of leaving Belleville. You see you did not know of the blessings the Lord had in store for you. Verily, the Lord moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. How singular our prayers are so similar in regard to us. I always end my prayers for us in your very words: "and may the world be better for our having lived in it."

How strangely you must have forgotten what you wrote in your previous letter, as in your last one you thought there was no love in it. You said you wanted to crawl into my arms and be caressed like a little child. Maybe this is not love, and maybe I have been mistaken about love all along. O my, how you will make life miserable for me with May bugs, tantalizing me, and insisting on doing the Monday's laundry work. Life is made up of little pleasantries, and it is our privilege to make the most of them. You claim that you are happy at Belleville, so am I here, but yet, there is something lacking. When the wind blows and moans you



desire to crawl into my arms and be caressed by loving fingers. When I go to my room at night after my day's labor, I am lonely, oh! so lonely. Yet something lacking you see. So it is where e'er we are, if love is not there life is not complete, in beauty and joyousness. We recognize the fact the more and more as the glamour and romance of youth speeds by. Life is real, life is earnest, we must make much of it, improve the golden moments, ever bearing in mind that we are speeding onward towards eternity, either for weal or woe. Kindred souls seek their affinity, as the magnetic needle unerringly points poleward. Love completes life, making living perfect, carrying the two hearts that beat as one, on towards the realization of that perfect day.

This is the greatest literary production of my life. I have put much time and thought into its composition, making it a work of love, thereby proving the old time saying that man will do more for love than anything else. I surmise that you will be disappointed that you did not hear from me thrice last week, but then, after all, last week's disappointment will be more than recompensed by this missive that I trust will bring joy and happiness to your heart as never before experienced, and in times to come when I fall short (it will be far, and oh! so often) I will expect you to bring forth this message of love to remind me of my high resolves and noble ideals. I only trust that it may not be your experience that "distance lends enchantment to the view." However, I think where both are going to try with might and main to contribute to the pleasure of the other, that there is no danger of anything more than a lover's quarrel, after which we will make up and think ten times more of the other. I have a will of my own, and I judge by the way the black eyes snap sometimes, that someone else has a will too. I would not give a snap of my finger for the person that did not have a will of his own, Life without a will, a purpose firm, would be dull and insipid. The spice of life would be lacking; such a person would be like the dull, plodding ox.

In this letter I am revealing the impelling forces and actions of my life and being, thereby enabling you to correctly forecast some of the thoughts and actions that shape my destiny. One is impelled by certain actions of life that seem part and parcel of ones being. How sturdy our convictions on some subjects or actions! How the very forces of our being seem to be aroused when any particular thing appeals to our idea of justice or right. The greater portion of life is spent in communing with one's self, therefore how essential that our minds should be well stored with the best thoughts, clothed in beautiful images of fancy that are pleasing, ever enobling, making of our minds beautiful gardens of roses, perfuming the atmosphere so that all with whom we come in contact may drink at the delectable fountain of our gracious presence. Many pleasant memories throng around the incidents of life as we have been identified with. How pleasant to think of life as we have experienced it! To think of the strife and turmoil and temptations that have never knocked at our door to know that we have been favored of fortune, that our name is un-

sullied, that life's pathway has led us in "paths of pleasantness."

Heretofore our lives have been of ourself to ourself; soon this will be changed, it will be the paramount duty to ever look out first for the welfare of the other. It doubly increases my responsibility, having my own honor to defend, and you surrendering all into my keeping. Momentous issues of life enter into the marriage relation, requiring mature thought and deliberation, so as to solve the enigmas that will arise in the adjustment of two souls to each other, to make them harmonious in thought, word and action. A new school is to be opened. Will they learn quickly, will they be apt scholars? Will there be disobedience? Will there be tyrants? I trust not. I think that it will be the model school; no tyrannical ruling, no cross words or frowns, only pleasant words, kindly suggestions and courteous requests. Love's persuasive power will reign supreme, there being no teacher, no scholar, only the gentle sceptre of love that governs without fear, making each day one of unalloyed happiness, thereby typifying the happiness of heaven. As the years speed into eternity, may each one be a realization of the ideals here portrayed, and may our children walk in our paths and be an honor to mankind, and may the world be the better for our having lived in it.



## CHAPTER XIX

### Rules of Life

Written by J. F. Keve for His Children, April 26, 1905.

#### INTRODUCTORY

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Eccl. 12-1.

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#### ACCIDENTS TO AVOID

Carefulness is the talismanic word that should be observed in the journey of life, so as to avoid the great majority of accidents. Do all things with calmness and deliberation. The impulsive person never fares as well as the calm and deliberate one. A stitch in time saves nine. A moments thought and carefulness will save many an accident and much needless suffering.

In coming to a patch of ice, slacken your pace and go with care; it will save you a bad fall. Be a careful observer, and thus cultivate the sense of keenness and alertness. There is very little of good luck or bad luck in this world. We make luck very largely, ourselves. If you slacken your pace when you come to the ice, you then have good luck. You plan and go carefully and luck will be yours in the majority of cases.

## AIR

It is said by scientific men that we derive three-fourths of our nourishment from air and water. So you see God has provided a great abundance of these elements for our sustenance. It is patent therefore that we have these elements in their purity. We could live only a few moments without air. It behooves us then to have plenty of air, to have it pure and breathe it deeply. During the day, as a usual thing we have plenty of fresh air, especially if we are engaged in work out of doors. However, outdoors we should avoid bad air as much as possible, by avoiding pestilential air from stagnant pools and that which arises from decaying vegetable and animal matter. In your sleeping apartments, always have the room ventilated, but avoid all drafts. Even in coldest weather admit fresh air into your sleeping room. Breathe all the fresh, pure air that you can. On arising breathe three times full deep breaths of fresh air.

## BATHING

Cleanliness is next to Godliness. You should bathe all over at least once a week, if not more often. Do not bathe while real tired, but rest a half hour first, and then take your bath. It is well occasionally to put salt or saleratus in the water. In the place of using soap. Salt water bathing is exhilarating, and by putting salt into the water, it is the best we inlanders can do.

One should be very careful while bathing so as not to catch cold. Dry yourself by rubbing with a coarse towel. This sets the blood in circulation and gets the surface of your body in a glow. Change your underclothes often during hot weather, as some medical authorities claim that it is better to thus change than to bathe too often.

## BOWELS

One should almost be a doctor so as to keep his bowels in a healthy condition. However, there are a few general rules to be observed that will be of great benefit. A great many ills of the bowels are brought on by ignorance and carelessness. One should be as careful about having his bowels move every day as he is to wash his face. One can not enjoy good health unless his bowels perform their regular duty daily, it must be attended to at once. No false modesty must interfere with your consulting with your parents or a physician, so that the proper remedies may be ap-



plied and the difficulty removed. It is well to have a stated time, if you can, in which to attend to these duties of nature. By going regularly at a stated time to the closet you can train your bowels to act stately. The best time is soon after breakfast, as it interferes less then with the duties of the day. When your bowels and bladder demand attention, attend to the duty at once, as when you do not wait on nature, it brings on irregularity which results in two diseases, constipation and piles, which I will treat on in its due place.

When I was about fourteen to twenty years old I thought it smart not to have my bowels move for two or three days. This ruined my health, and brought on constipation. Especially when I went visiting, I thought it nice not to attend to these duties of nature. Lots of times when I went visiting I would not go to the closet until evening, and then my bowels would not do their duty that day. Retaining the water also in my bladder all day until evening, was also very injurious to my health. It cost me considerable to doctor and remedy the evils brought on myself in ignorance. In fact, these bad results never can be wholly overcome. Your Grandfather Keve was terribly constipated and had to be taking pills all the time. Your mother lived in torture on account of constipation and piles. At times the pain was terrific and she would be in tears for nearly a day at a time. So now you see if you are not very careful and take extra care of the health of your bowels, you will suffer as did your father and mother and grandfather before you. If you do not exercise extraordinary care you will be apt to suffer even more than we have, as you inherit our weakness. So I exhort you, even demand that you at once attend to these duties of nature, and not put them off, or you will bring misery upon yourselves even in worse form than we have experienced. We brought this on ourselves through ignorance and even thinking it was smart to put off these duties. Even though these organs are weak in you, inherited from us, yet you may by proper care and attention keep them regular and in health condition. Grandfather Kreve took pills to keep him in condition but I prefer to have you avoid this method if you can. My method is to drink water very freely and eat a great deal of fruit to keep the bowels loose. If you need a physic take a tablespoonfull of Rochelle salts in a half cup of warm water before a meal.

#### BREATHING

It is said by doctors that one person in seven dies of consumption. This disease can be very largely overcome by exercise and proper breathing. Deep breathing must be regularly practise so as to develop the lungs and chest. Breathing exercises should be taken in the open air or in a room with the windows raised for ventilation. Avoid deep breathing in damp weather as it is injurious to the lungs. When you arise in the morning and go out of doors, draw into the lungs as much fresh air as you possibly can and then expel the air quickly through the mouth. Never inhale air through the mouth, as it chills the lungs. Breathe it through



the nostrils and the air is warmed before it reaches the lungs. In coming out of church or a crowded hall do as you did in first going out doors after arising in the morning. Do this four or five times. It is well to practice this four or five times a day. A splendid breathing excise is for you in walking to and from business, to inhale as much air as you possibly can and walk as far as you can without breathing. When you can hold your breath no longer, open your mouth and expel the air all at once. This causes you to breathe deeply for some time. Practice this repeatedly every day. I did not learn of this until I was twenty-eight years old. I was then thin and spindling. I kept practicing this deep breathing on my way to and from my office, so that my chest expanded wonderfully. A double breasted Prince Albert coat I had then will not meet in front now, saying nothing of being buttoned. Practicing this deep breathing and brisk walking gives one an exhilarating feeling, and makes one glad he is alive. Do thou likewise and develope yourselves into stalwart, healthy human beings.

### CONSTIPATION

Constipation is brought on by not attending to the demands of the bowels at the proper time. There are also other causes that I will not enumerate at this time. When the bowels do not perform their proper functions daily, you may then know you are in the first stages of this malady. At a later stage you will observe that it is difficult to make the elimination from the bowels. If at this time the elimination comes in little round balls, and the act causes pain, you may then know if this continues, the results will be disastrous, and it will not be many stages off before you have that dread, disease, piles. At this state there possibly will be blood on the evacuation. If a free drinking of water and an abundance of fruit does not loosen your bowels so they perform their proper functions daily you should consult a physician and secure the proper remedy and bring your bowels to their normal functions. Frequently if you will take one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets every night for a week or ten days, it will bring you out all right. But beware that you do not get the pill habit, or you will have to increase the dose and keep at it repeatedly. After you use the pills and get your bowels in proper order, you should quit them and regulate your health by eating fruits. The ideal way to live is to regulate your health by what you eat that you will rarely need medicine. When the bowels become sluggish, it often results in the person having the hives. An almost infallible remedy for the hives is the "Rexall" effervescent salts, or sodium posphate. Take a dose before the first meal and take before breakfast for a few mornings.

### EATING

We should eat to live, not live to eat. Do not eat while you are extremely tired, but rest a half hour first. Do not bathe immediately after a hearty meal. Do not drink at meals, if you do

drink at meals, do so very sparingly. Do not take the liquid into your mouth until every morsel of victuals have been swallowed. The food should not be washed down with liquids. In doing this the saliva is not properly mixed with the food. Be very careful to masticate every mouthful of victuals thoroughly, so that the saliva permeates every atom of food, and the whole mass arrives at the consistency of a liquid. Gladstone attributed his green old age to his thorough mastication of his food. He said that he chewed twenty-five times on every mouthful. When these rules are not observed it brings on dyspepsia or indigestion. When you arrive at this stage food will distress you extremely and the intense distress will bend you nearly double. Partake sparingly of very rich foods. Do not eat a very hearty meal just before retiring. One can be intemperate in eating as well as in drinking. Be temperate in all things if you wish to be a well balanced human being.

## EYES

The eyes are of very delicate mechanism. They, as a general rule receive less care than any other members of our body. All we can do for our eyes is to take good care of them. On arising in the morning bathe them in cold water. During the day rest the eyes occasionally by closing them. On retiring at night close your eyes as soon as you get in bed. Your mother always kept hers open until she was lost in slumber. I always close mine at once upon retiring. Do not read by twilight in the evening. In reading have the light shine over your left shoulder onto the book. Do not read facing the light. When your eyes get tired and ache, lay the book down at once and rest your eyes. It will be well to close them for several minutes. The eyes should not be meddled with, they are too delicate.

John Quincy Adams lived to be old and did not have to use glasses. He attributed it to this rule: Wet the thumb and forefinger and place to the outer corner of the two eyes. Draw the two fingers together towards the nose just below the eyeball pressing the eyeball up slightly. This causes the eyeball to remain round. Don't rub the eyes hard as it is the flattening of the ball of the eye that causes the eyesight to fail.

An ear and eye specialist gave me this rule for the ears: Grasp the nostrils and close the mouth. Then blow until your ears crack. This cracking of the ears brings the blood to the ear, thus causing the hearing to be improved.

## FEET

The feet are much abused members of our bodies. Few of us have perfect feet. In the first place we should wear shoes that fit. It is shoes that are too large that cause corns and bunions. It is better to throw away, a pair of shoes that pinch and torture the feet. The bottoms of the feet are covered with countless pores that exude sweat and other foul matter. Doctors claim that one should wash his feet from two to three

times a week. Also it is beneficial to change the stockings often. I always change mine twice a week. Put salt in the water occasionally when bathing the feet. When doing much walking like going to World's Fair, wash every night and change sox.

## FRUIT

Fruit is often a better doctor than a physician. One should eat a great deal of fruit on account of its healthfulness. Eat more fruit and less of meat. Some go so far as to live entirely on vegetables. However, the way God made our teeth it indicates that we are to partake of both vegetables and meat. Try to have an abundance of fruit, all the year around. It is by the eating of fruit that one can keep the system in a healthy condition if he observes the laws of nature. Apples are likely the healthiest fruit there is. It is good to eat a good, ripe apple at any time. If convenient eat one after each meal. Especially I recommend that you eat one before retiring. They keep the bowels in a healthy condition. In the winter eat a fig after each meal, as you will find it an excellent laxative. Oranges, from the first of February until strawberry time are most excellent to be eaten after each meal. I especially recommend the eating of pears, which are the best fruit after apples. Pears will regulate the system and make life worth living. Bananas, peaches, plums and other fruits can be eaten liberally at all times with beneficial results. But the fruits I have mentioned specifically are what I would rely on to keep me in health. All kinds of berries are good in their season. Eat liberally of them. Nuts are a rich food and can be eaten sparingly at each meal or between meals. Be sure to remove the outer husks of the nuts before eating them. I should try to keep my system in good condition by eating the above fruits. If this does not accomplish the desired results, I would then act on the recommendations given on the topic of constipation.

## HAIR

As a usual thing there is not much care devoted to the hair. However, if one gives due caution to the observance of a few simple rules, one may keep his hair nice and soft. Use only soft water to wet the hair, and wet it only sparingly. Use a good stiff brush to brush the hair, which you will find will help greatly in its proper care. A nice head of hair, that is well groomed, is an honor to anyone. Many a homely person that has a nice head of hair and cares for it becomingly, wins admiration on account of his "crown of glory." The Keves are subject to baldness, so it behooves us to take good care of the hair. Go bareheaded as much as you can. Take off your hat while you are within doors. Raise your hat frequently to let fresh air into your hair so that there will be circulation, and no foul air left under the hat. There are some cosmetics that are good to put on the scalp to remove dandruff and keep the scalp in a healthy condition. However, great care should be used in choosing cosmetics, as I have heard of some that caused the person using it to become entirely bald.



## LIQUOR

This is a day and age of the world in which a drinking man stands no show. Railways and other corporations will not employ a drinking man. One only is safe when he does not take even the first glass of liquor. I did not taste raw whiskey until I was over forty years old, and only then when I had a very fractious tooth extracted. I shall expect that none of my children will ever touch liquor in any form. None of our immediate relatives are drinkers, and I trust that this good record will not be broken by you.

No one starts out to be a drunkard, but after the first glass is taken, it is only one glass after another 'till the victim fills a drunkard's grave. Beware of strong drink. I would rather follow you to your grave now than to have you the victim of your appetite.

## OLIVE OIL

Olive oil should be universally used on account of its healthfulness. It is of a great food value as well as being a good medicine. It is well to fry victuals in olive oil in place of lard. If one will take a teaspoonful or a desert spoonful before meals. It will relieve costiveness, by well lubricating the digestive tract, and will oil the human mechanism. Small quantities can't injure anyone, for it is a lubricant, not a purgative. While it insures regularity of the bowels, it at the same time is the only known specific for the prevention of gall stones. Hence, I urge all to use olive oil. You will find it a great relief in the case of piles too.

## PURITY OF LANGUAGE

To have clean hands and a pure heart is a great blessing that is desired by every parent for his children. A good rule is only to use such language as a boy would desire to use in the presence of his mother. Both girls and boys should use clean, pure language. Do not deal in smutty or suggestive stories. Many of your companions will relate such stories; but you can absent yourself from such companions and show by your deportment that such stories are not congenial to you. After hearing a bad story it will come into your mind at the most inopportune time. Keep your mind filled with good, pure thoughts, and this can only be done by listening to chaste conversation, and by the reading of good books. Shun a bad book as you would a rattlesnake. I once got a book for my library, but on having read the book I found it to be such a book as I would't want my children to read, so I at once threw it into the stove. Many a youth has wrecked his peace and happiness by the perusal of a bad book. Whatever is sown must be reaped at the harvest. If you read one bad book, the taste is cultivated for another and another, 'till finally the whirlwind comes, wrecking the peace of mine and soul.

A safe rule is to read only such books as will make you a better citizen, neighbor and christian after its perusal. He who loves good books is not alone in this world, even though his friends



forsake him. It is better to remain at home absorbed in some good book, rather than get questionable amusement on street corners and back alleys. In a lecture I heard John B. Gough deliver, he said: "Keep your record clear, young man." It is the great desire of my heart that my children will keep their record clear.

## PILES

As you have learned in previous essays, piles are brought on by irregularity of the bowels, which leads to constipation of which the final stage is piles. In piles the lower bowel comes outside the body several inches. Every time you attend to the duties of nature you suffer untold agony. The pain is excruciating in sitting down. It would be no worse for a well person to sit down in a dish of live coals. Medicines do not seem able to effect much of a cure in such cases. The only relief is to have the bowel that exudes cut off or burned off. Your devoted mother had submitted to both of these modes. She, on her death bed, wanted me to warn our children about this dread malady, so that they might, with due care and precaution, avoid the terrible suffering she went through. Your parents knew nothing about these things, but have learned them all by bitter experience. So now in conformity to your mother's wish, I am writing you this series of essays on the "Rules of Life," so that you may be enabled to so live as to avoid our mistakes, and not be obliged to go through the miseries we have. With due care and precaution you may overcome any hereditary weakness, and may so train your organs that they will be strong and healthy at all times. One thing is sure, that which one sows, he must reap sooner or later. Science tells us that you can't drop a pin to the earth but what it will move the earth a trifle. Any wrong act in word or deed, or any transgression of nature, has a sure harvest. Do not deceive yourself that you are young and strong and that a slight transgression of morals or nature will not have a harvest. The harvest is sure and you always reap what you sow.

## RELIGION

Religion is an anchor for the soul, sure and steadfast. All our immediate relatives are christians and I pray and trust that you will cast your lot in that "good way," that we may be an unbroken band. The time to become a christian is when you are young. What a blessing it is to give one's whole life to the service of Christ. The majority of christians become such before the age of seventeen. Seek ye the Lord in your youth.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. When one arrives at the estate of manhood the cares of life engross his attention so that he rarely becomes a christian. So it behooves one to make his calling and election sure in his youth. How blessed it is to grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

## RHEUMATISM

Your Grandfather Keve's fingers are all drawn out of shape by rheumatism. I have had it occasionally in my arms. I remember distinctly the first time I felt a twinge of it. I was twenty-eight years old. I was stooping over to pick up a six by eight timber, and the pain came in my right arm. I at once said "I am beginning to get old." Your mother had rheumatism very badly, was confined to her bed for a long time. To avoid rheumatism you must be very careful in your mode of life. If your feet get damp, change your stockings as soon as you can. If your clothes get wet or damp change them or dry them out at a hot fire. When going to school I used to get my feet wet and go that way all day. That is why I have rheumatism now. I at that time said that wet feet did not hurt me, but I can see now that it did. At that time I could not see the harvest, but I can now. I should have taken off my boots and dried my stockings at the school stove.

## SLANG

Some people are not satisfied with the pure English language, but have to interlard their conversation with slang words and phrases. I just detest all this. Only use at all times, such language, as you would use in conversation with your mother or pastor. Slang is vulgar. I am sure that none of my children wishes to appear vulgar. One is judged by the language he uses and not by his appearance. So you see, really how important chaste language is if you wish to make a good impression on those you come in contact with. A girl with a beautiful face was travelling, a stranger observed her striking appearance and was much interested. At last he heard her remark, "I should snicker to smile." After this expression the stranger lost interest in her. Beware of slang

## SWEARING

Of all the useless things in the world, swearing is the most foolish and disgusting. It goes without saying that no Keve swears. I trust this record may go down through the ages. Slang is foolish and swearing is wicked. The first is not prohibited by the ten commandments, but the latter is.

When you hear a man make an assertion and then clinch it with an oath, you may generally conclude that he is telling a lie. The plain, unvarnished truth told in simplicity of style, needs no oath to confirm it. If you are given to exaggeration one never knows when to believe you. Let your conversation be plain and straightforward, yea, yea and nay, nay.

## TEETH

The teeth are the hardest substance in the human body. Yet they give out long before an old person dies. The problem then is to learn to so care for them that they will serve their purpose for

a longer period. You should have a dentist clean your teeth once a year, if not twice. At this time have the dentist fill any decayed teeth and treat your gums if they have begun to recede from the teeth. You should brush your teeth after each meal and in the morning before breakfast. During the night gases arise from the stomach and form a coating on the teeth, so it is very essential to brush your teeth before breakfast so as to get the coating removed before it is carried to the stomach again. If you only brush your teeth twice a day, do so at night and in the morning before breakfast.

If there is a bad taste in your mouth, put a teaspoonful of listerine in a half cup of water and thoroughly cleanse your mouth. After each meal be sure to remove all the fragments of food from between the teeth with a good tooth pick. Do not use a pin or other metal for the purpose. Use a tooth brush that conforms to the teeth. Place the brush to the top of the gum and brush down to the point or end of the tooth. If you brush up and down on the tooth, you brush the gums from the teeth on the upward stroke. To keep the gums good and healthy they should not be brushed from the teeth. Use good tooth paste as it sweetens the mouth and disinfects the teeth. If the teeth get discolored, put a little peroxide of hydrogen in a little water and brush the teeth thoroughly. The peroxide is an excellent cleanser for application for sores. Apply this often and it will heal up quickly.

## TOBACCO

Tobacco is a filthy weed. Even a hog won't disturb tobacco. It passes my comprehension how anyone can defile himself with this vile weed. This habit is foolish as well as vile, besides being injurious to the health, then added to all this is the great expense of the nasty stuff.

My brother or I never used tobacco in any form. No one ever likes tobacco, as this taste has to be cultivated, it not being a natural taste. An acquired taste is more terrible to break off than a natural taste. Do not ever acquire it, and you will save yourself much in filthiness, much in self esteem and much in pocket book. Sam Jones said that he would not say that a tobacco user could not be a christian, but he felt safe in saying a tobacco user would make a very nasty christian. I do not want to have a nasty boy.

## TUMORS

A tumor is an enlargement that comes on your person in various places. Your grandmother Keve has several on her person the greater portion being on her arms. She has never had any of them removed. In 1903 I had a little one removed from my breast bone. It did not hurt much. I had the doctor remove it, and I have not been troubled with any since. Now my advice is, that if any enlargement comes on your person, that you consult a doctor at once and have him remove it if he deems it advisable.



When the tumor first appears it is tender and can be easily removed without much pain. When they are large they are painful, and when on the arms weaken the arms so that it is hard to work. Act at once in regard to tumors.

## WATER

If 75% of the nourishment of the body is derived from air and water, it goes without saying that water is the most important factor in human economy. One can go for days without food, even forty or more in some instances, but if deprived of water one's end is speedily brought to pass. Most people do not drink enough water. Some people that are ailing would be perfectly well if they would drink more water. Free drinking of water will do more to keep the bowels in good order than anything else. A liberal supply of water midway between meals washes and cleanses the stomach and gets it in shape for the next meal so that it can perform its proper function of digestion and assimilation. One can readily see that this is the correct idea. One should drink two to three quarts of water daily. On arising in the morning drink a glassful of fresh cold water. This will prepare your stomach to receive breakfast. During meals do not drink, or if you do, do so sparingly, and after all the food is swallowed. From nine in the morning 'till eleven drink two to three glasses of water, and from three to five and from eight to nine in the afternoon, drink same amount. Do not drink water while you are warm, or overheated. Do not drink heartily just before partaking of a meal. During the hours I have mentioned there is little danger of drinking too much of good water. If you will drink as much water during summer and winter too, as I have indicated, it will do much to keep you in health.

## FINIS

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. —Ecclesiastes 12:13.



## CHAPTER XX.

### Physical Culture for Health

As physical culture magazines, Sampson, Bennett and others advocate a series of exercises while on your back in bed, just before arising in the morning, as a very sure way of attaining rugged physical health, so then I will epitomize the rules for the benefit of those who read this book. It takes time to make money. It takes time to be healthy. Hence, then I advocate that everyone practice these exercises in bed every morning, to the end that they may attain as perfect health as possible. It will take a half hour but they will be well worth while, for you can make a new person of yourself by these daily exercises.

## FOR DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION

Chew your food slowly and thoroughly. Place your hand at the lower right hand corner of your stomach. Rub up and down on the other side. Continue this for some time. Bend your head well forward so your chin touches your chest. Do this quite often. While practicing this movement, strike your stomach with your two clenched fists. Strike lightly at first, then harder when you can stand it. On arising drink a glass of fresh cold water.

## FOR REDUCTION OF OBESE ABDOMEN

In addition to the exercise for dyspepsia, tense the muscles of the abdomen; place the palms of the hand upon it; press down firmly and rub the accumulation of fat back and forth, not permitting the hands to slip. Otherwise the skin will only be rubbed, and no benefit results. No injury can come to you through this process.

## STRENGTHENING THE EYES

While in bed look far to the right, then far to the left, then close the eyes as tightly as possible several times. With the eyes opened turn them from obliquely upward to the right to obliquely downward to the left. Variation—roll the eyes in a wide circle to the right; look far upward, then far downward; turn eyes from obliquely upward at the left to obliquely downward at the right. Roll the eyes in a wide circle to the left. During these exercises strike both temples rapidly with the heels of the open hands. Don't overdo at first.

## FOR THE LIVER

Have the knees elevated. Place the end of the fingers of both hands over the liver on the right side, just below the ribs. Press the fingers upward, then relax the pressure, commencing with twenty movements and then increase to one hundred when your condition will warrant.

2nd exercise: Lying on your right side, place your left hand over the region of the liver previously described. Incline the head slightly forward and bend the knees. Press the ends of the finger or the knuckle of the thumb, well under the ribs, and massage, or agitate as in preceding exercise.

3rd exercise: Percussion over the region of the liver will add to its activity. The most advantageous position is upon the left side, the organ then being inclined slightly forward, and the muscles relaxed. Clench the right hand and strike lightly, but rapidly, at the spot described. Commence with 20 light blows, increasing in time to 100.

## FOR BREATHING

"Air is life," and without pure air good health is impossible, therefore keep in the open air as much as possible. See that your home is well ventilated, and sleep with your windows open. As you walk, frequently inhale deeply, filling the lungs slowly as full as possible without any feeling of dizziness, then exhale slowly, allowing the duration of inhalation and exhalation to be about equal.

## CLEANLINESS

Previous to taking a bath in tepid water, create a friction on the back and shoulders and the back of the legs with a rough Turkish towel, and on the chest, stomach and front of the legs with horse hair mittens. Use freely of soap. After emerging from the bath dry yourself with a coarse towel, thereby creating a healthy glow.

## RHEUMATISM

As rheumatism is caused by uric acid settling in the joints, then it naturally follows that if you persistently practice the various exercises for the muscles and joints as indicated in these various methods, rheumatism will be driven from your system.

## VARICOSE VEINS

The most convenient position is lying upon your side. Commence with twenty strokes of the hand up toward the heart, following the course of the veins, increasing as the skin becomes harder and accustomed to the friction, to one hundred strokes. If persisted in a cure is ultimately sure, in any ordinary case

## THE HAIR

Wash the hair often with soap, barbers' shaving soap being preferable. As a tonic for the hair, use water as hot as you can bear it, alternate with cold water as cold as you can get it, but do not use ice water. If life still remains in the hair, a healthy growth will usually follow. Do not wear your hat any more than absolutely necessary. Go in the sun bareheaded. The sun is the source of all life. As you are lying in bed grasp the hair with the fingers, pulling gently and change position of the hands until every portion of the scalp has been treated. Massage the scalp with the tips of the fingers, which will produce a perceptible glow, and has a general tonic effect. Will say here, and it applies for every one of these exercises, that the friction draws the blood to the parts, and it is the blood that works the cure, besides the strengthening of the muscles by the exercises.

## DEVELOPING THE JAW MUSCLES

This should be practiced along the edge of the jaw bone, using the heel of the hand.

## DEVELOPING THE CHEEKS

Draw up both corners of the mouth toward the eyes, or in the position of an exaggerated smile. This will bunch up the supporting muscles upon the upper part of the cheek bones immediately below the corners of the eyes. Now drop the chin to the utmost extent. Open and close the jaws while massaging with the palms of the hands.

## THE CHIN

Rest the chin upon the palm of the hand, press firmly and rub the underlying muscles vigorously. The position of the hand should be continually shifted, for if continuous pressure is maintained upon any part without relaxation, growth is not rapid.



## THROAT MUSCLES AND A DOUBLE CHIN

Place the pillow under the shoulders. Throw the head backward as far as you can, then forward. Commence with five movements, increasing in time to one hundred.

## MUSCLES OF THE BACK OF THE NECK

Having no pillow under your head, you raise and lower your head. Do this five times, in time increasing to one hundred times.

## THE SKIN

The daily friction of the skin with good hair mittens, and a good hair friction belt will materially relieve insomnia. Follow with a tepid bath. For the face and neck rub with the hands.

## MUSCLES OF THE SHOULDER BLADES

Strike with your elbow across your chest. Five movements for each arm. Increase each day 'till you reach one hundred.

## MUSCLES OF THE THROAT

Place your thumb under the chin. Throw the head back. Then bring the head forward (chin to the chest) which will relax the tension. Keep up the pressure while alternating, contracting and relaxing the muscles by the movements described.

## STRENGTHENING THE NECK

Clasp the hands firmly back of the head. Raise the head clear of the pillow, then press it backward, exerting at the same time a strong forward or resistance pressure with the arms. Do this five times. In a week increase a couple movements. Finally get up to twenty-five movements.

## Developing the Sides of the Neck.

Lying upon your side, turn the chin as far as possible towards the upper shoulder. Do this five times, increasing to fifty. Both sides of the neck must be exercised.

## DUMB BELLS IN BED

Use about four pound weights. Commence with ten strokes, then increase in time to fifty. After striking exercise is completed, extend your arms to their full length, at right angles with side, and alternately turn or twist your wrists back and forth. Commence with five movements, and increase to twenty-five.

## DUMB BELL AND MASSAGE

Clasp the upper arm firmly while exercising with the loose hand with the dumb bell. Commence with ten strokes, gradually increasing to fifty.

## BROADENING THE SHOULDERS

Grasp the left elbow with the right hand, and the right elbow with the left hand. Exert pressure. Shrug the shoulders. Commence with five movements and increase to twenty-five in time.

## DEVELOPING MUSCLES COVERING SHOULDER BLADES

Lying on your back, alternately raise your shoulders. The tension should be upward and forward as far as possible. Commence with five movements for each shoulder, and in time increase.

## DEVELOPMENT OF MUSCLES OF THE LEGS.

Rest the ball of the foot against the foot board of the bed, and alternately press and relax, and still another and easier way—lying upon your back or partially upon the side, place the ball of left foot upon the upper part of the toes of the right leg and foot, so it may afford support, then alternately press and relax with the left foot. Repeat the exercise with the other leg.

## STRENGTHENING THE LOINS

Rest upon your back, with your arms folded across the chest, raise the head and shoulders slightly so as to clear the pillow. Commence with ten movements, that is five on each side, increase in time to twenty-five. The chiropractics, or Rub Doctors, as they are called, work in the same way, exercising the muscles and rubbing to bring the blood to the affected part, to effect a cure. Do your own rubbing and save the fee.

## STRENGTHENING THE LOWER ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

Lying on the back, bend one knee upward and inwards; as you do so draw up the hip of that side. Then drop that leg back to its original position, and bend the knee, and draw up the hip of the other side. Alternate in the exercising, first upon the right side, then the left. Commence with five movements on a side. In time increase to twenty-five.

## DEVELOPING THE MUSCLES OF THE SIDES AND LOINS

Lying upon your side, raise the head and both feet at once. Commence with three movements. In time increase to six or seven movements.

## TENSING EXERCISE FOR THE WHOLE BODY

Lying upon your side, fold your arms across your chest, grasp the elbows with your hands, and stretch the body to its full length. In this attitude exert half the strength of your folded arms. As you do this, stretch and tension the whole body until it becomes rigid. Hold this position but two or three seconds. Relax for a few seconds, and then repeat. Three or four movements are sufficient.

## SINGLE ARM PULLING EXERCISE

Lying upon your side as in preceding exercise, clasp one hand only around the ankle of the upper leg. In this position pull with your full strength, holding the strain for a few seconds then relax. Commence with ten movements and increase to twenty-five.

## PULLING EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING BACK AND LOINS

Lying upon your side, clasp your hands over the upper knee.

Exert your full strength in a steady pull; then relax. Commence with ten movements and in time increase.

### DEVELOPING BACK AND SHOULDER MUSCLES

Lying upon your side, with your arms folded across the chest bend the head well forward, thus tensing the muscles at the back of the neck, and those surrounding it. Exert your full strain upon your folded arms, shrug the shoulders up and down. Commence with five movements and increase to fifteen.

### DEVELOPING THE FORE ARM

Lying upon your side, grasp the wrist of the lower arm with upper hand; press with your full strength downward, resisting with upward pressure. Commence with five movements and increase to fifteen.

### DEVELOPING THE ARMS

Lying on your side, grasp the upper wrist with the lower hand and pull upward with the upper arm, resisting that pull with the downward strain of the lower arm. In doing this turn the wrist slightly. Commence with three movements and increase in time.

### TWISTING EXERCISE FOR THE ARMS

Lying upon your side, extend your upper arm at full length, parallel with the body. Clench your fists tightly, that the muscles may be tensed. Twist your arms towards your body as far as possible without inconvenience, then reverse the movement. Commence with five or ten movements; that is twisting the arms backward and forward as described.

### DEVELOPING THE BACK MUSCLES OF THE ARMS

Lying upon your side, grasp firmly the upper arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. Pull backwards the upper arm, at the same time resisting the pull by the firm grasp and downward pull of the lower hand and arm. Commence with five movements, that is alternately pulling and relaxing the strain.

### EXERCISE FOR THE HIPS AND LOINS

Lying upon your side throw the upper hip forward. As you do so bend your arm and draw it back as far as possible. Relax and repeat. Three to five movements to commence with, and then increase.

It is said that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." No greater boon can any man have than to have good health. Eternal vigilance in securing health is well worth the price. Put in operation these rules and the ones found in the "Rules of Life" and you will be a person that is admirable both morally and physically. Such a person is the noblest work of God. Help God to make you what you ought to be. You owe it to yourself, to your family and to the state. May the heritage of stalwart manhood and womanhood be yours.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### **Keve Family History--Concluding Chapter**

I have sung my song. I have marshalled the catalogue of the worthies of our race. They appeared before you in a moving panorama, marching as it were in solemn tread from the cradle to the grave. They are dead, having run their course. You are living—therefore you have the exalted privilege of profiting from the heroic examples as portrayed with fidelity in these pages.

Scions of the great French count and the saintly John Latour-ette Cole, I call upon you all to make heroic endeavor to emulate the grandeur and chivalrous achievements as chronicled in this history. As the flight of time speeds into eternity, may each one of our historic race live that exalted life, that he will wish he had lived when he comes to die.

I have not brought before your view the dry bones of a vanished past, so as to satisfy your idle curiosity as to who your ancestors were, but rather to fire you with noble incentives that will broaden the sphere of your activity for good, so that the world will be the better for your having passed this way. In a word, I would emphasize with all the passion of a yearning soul, that every person who can trace his lineage in this book, will endeavor to further the grandeur and splendor of our glorious achievements, to the end that our race and lineage may be conspicuous and exalted as being the chosen people of God and His Christ.

It is my desire that everyone receiving this book will fill out his lineage connecting him with the ancestors as herein recorded. Blank pages are provided in the back of the book for this. Have the book carefully kept and handed down from generation to generation, each keeping the line unbroken in the book.

I urge my boy or some descendent of the heroes of this book, to republish the book fifty years from now, bringing it up to date with all the connecting links. May this book be kept up as long as time lasts.

This chapter penned in a hotel, October, 1913.

J. F. KEVE.

# **APPENDIX**



**Use the Following Pages for Your Family History**

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